

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York. (Copyrighted June 21, 1858.)

No. 134—VOL. VI.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

## CONTENTS.

Visit of the Boston Light Infantry. Three Engravings.  
Poetry—Songs, by W. C. Bennett.  
Domestic Miscellany, Foreign News, Gossip of the World, Parlor Gossip for the Ladies.  
Mrs. Squizzle in Washington.  
A Tour in the Southern Counties of California—continued. Illustrated.  
Gold and Glitter; or, the Adventures of a Beautiful Woman—continued. Illustrated.  
Laying the Telegraph Cable. Three Engravings.  
Our Exposure of the Swill Milk Trade—the Board of Health Committee. Two Engravings.  
Editorial—American Outrages, The Administration of Criminal Law, What the Lawyers are Doing for Justice, Editorial Gossip.  
Swill Milk Routes, Literature, Music, Drama, Chess.  
Governors and Beadsmen, the Winners of the Derby and Oaks. Two Engravings.  
The Cangemi Trial. Portraits of Prisoner's Counsel.  
The Skeleton Papers, No. 2—The Manuscript of the Coffin, a Tale of France.  
The Adventures of a Newspaper Correspondent. Eight Comic Engravings.

## VISIT OF THE BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY

THIS celebrated corps arrived in New York on Saturday, 12th inst. as guests of the New York Light Guard. The "Tigers," as they are familiarly called, are one of the oldest organizations in Massachusetts, having been in existence since the year 1798. Some of the most distinguished individuals of the M. V. M. have sprung from their ranks, which include at present many highly respectable citizens of Boston. Their captain, Charles O. Rogers, Esq., is the well-known editor of the Boston Journal. They were also accompanied by a former member of the company, General B. F. Edmands. The company uniform is no stranger to this city, visits having been made three several times already. The first took place in 1826, and inaugurated that system of mutual hospitality among our citizen soldiery which has now become so wisely practised. Their next visit took place about twelve years since, and their third in 1854. The uniform of the company is exceedingly neat—black coat and pants with white facings,

cross-belts, bearskins and glazed knapsacks, on which the company's initials are painted. The overcoat is of heavy blue cloth. Gilmore's Salem brass band accompanied them, and on this occasion the company was organized as a battalion of four companies, the lieutenant acting as captains, and Captain Rogers as commander. They turned out seventy-five muskets. The nickname of the company is a subject of frequent inquiry, and we are happy to have it in our power to elucidate the subject. About the year 1824 a visit was paid to Salem, Mass., by the company, and while there a trifling difficulty took place between one of the citizens who wished to enter their encampment, and a sentry who was ordered to exclude visitors. The citizen, incensed at what he considered unnecessary roughness in repulsing him, exclaimed "Oh, you tiger!" and the epithet was repeated by the company through the encampment. In returning to Boston a musical member sang an impromptu composition beginning, "Oh! you tigers, don't you know?" and on the visit of the company to New



ADJUTANT DODD.  
LIEUTENANT JORDAN

SURGEON GREEN.  
LIEUTENANT SMITH

PAYMASTER BOYD.  
CAPTAIN CHARLES O. ROGERS.

QUARTERMASTER NEWCOMB.  
LIEUTENANT ALLEN.

ADJUTANT GENERAL EDMONDSON.  
LIEUTENANT TRIM

OFFICERS OF THE BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. D. FREDRICKS.



York in 1826 the crowd assembled at the landing-place greeted them with shouts of "Tigers! tigers!" Thenceforward the company adopted the appellation and the shout, which is now familiar as a household word all over the United States. The following are the names of the officers of the company: Captain, C. O. Rogers; Adjutant, Albert Dodd; Quartermaster, Ralph W. Newton; Paymaster, John C. Boyd; Aid, B. F. Edmonds; Surgeon, L. R. Green; Lieutenants, John Jordan, C. H. Allen, A. G. Smith, W. G. Train.

Despite the pouring rain, which fell unceasingly throughout the day, the Light Guard turned out with full ranks to receive their guests, and marched up with them through Cortlandt street and Broadway to the City Hall. There, it was arranged, the Mayor was to review them, but on account of the unpleasant weather this ceremony was dispensed with, and Mayor Tiemann received the officers in his private room. Compliments having been exchanged, the company commenced its march for the Lafarge House, which they reached before midday, and where comfortable quarters had been provided for them. After a collation the Light Infantry and their hosts, the Light Guard, set out on a visit to Randall's Island, where they witnessed the exercises and amusements of the boys, and partook of another substantial "cup of water," as the Portuguese would say. General Edmonds was selected by the Light Guard as the medium through which to present the boys with a set of guidons, and at the same time the Turkish Pacha's banner was presented to them by John N. Genin.

On Sunday morning the Light Infantry were escorted by their hosts to Trinity Chapel in Twenty-fifth street, where they listened attentively to an excellent sermon, and in the afternoon they took the edge off the Sabbath in a manner rather Metropolitan than Puritan. On Monday courtesies and hospitalities were lavishly exchanged. The National Guard paraded before the Lafarge House, in honor of the Boston company, and marched down with them to the City Hall Park, picking up the Scott Life Guard by the way. Miles of dense humanity thronged Broadway, and the companies actually ploughed their course through the masses until they reached the Park. Here numbers of our civil and military notabilities were assembled, and the Scott Life Guard were presented with a magnificent set of colors by the ladies of New York, through their deputy General Sanford. After speeches of no inconsiderable length, the companies performed some creditable evolutions, which elicited loud applause from the spectators, and resumed their march up Broadway.

The Bostonians and their hosts partook of refreshments at the Lafarge, during which no little breakage and leakage of champagne-bottles took place, and in the evening assembled at a splendid dinner at the Astor House, of which we engrave a representation. The Light Guard and Light Infantry were well catered for by Col. Stetson—who is a member of the former corps—and nothing was wanting to the success of the entertainment. The wines were worthy of Prince Meternich, and the dinner of Brillat-Savarin. Mayor Tiemann and all our Militia field officers were present. The usual toasts were given and drunk with all the honors, and uproarious jollity was kept up far into Tuesday morning.

The company expressed themselves highly delighted with the handsome and commodious quarters assigned them at the Lafarge House. They were, indeed, regally lodged and served, and the kindness and courtesy shown to them by Henry Wheeler, Esq., the proprietor, Wesley W. Hill, Albert Adams, and in short all connected with that admirable hotel, the Lafarge house, will long be gratefully remembered by the officers and men of the Boston Light Infantry.

On the morning of their departure the company and their friendly escort partook of a splendid and substantial breakfast at the Astor House, Colonel Stetson adding his liberal quota to the splendid hospitality which our citizen soldiers tendered to their visitors from Boston.

On Tuesday Mr. Fredricks executed some fine photographs of the company, and in the afternoon they were escorted by several of our city companies to the Boston boat. Their visit has formed another link in the bond of good feeling which already closely unites the sister cities.

## SONGS.

By W. C. Bennett.

Ye roses, with her blushes blow;  
Ye lilies, lift her neck of snow;  
Thou dusky night, ye starry skies,  
Show forth the dark light of her eyes;  
Thou rosy morning, steal to earth  
With her gay smiles, her sparkling mirth;  
You dewy tears of twilight eves,  
Weep softly, softly as she grieves—  
That ever she may present be  
In all sweet sounds we hear, in all sweet sights we see.

Thou, Music, with her low tones stir  
Our hearts; thou, Painting, image her;  
And thou, white Sculpture, let her seem  
To smile from every marble dream  
Of thine, that she may ever be  
Fair in all fair things shaped by thee;  
And thou, O Poet, to her give,  
Sweet, in thy sweetest songs to live;  
So thou, blest Art, shall give her part  
In all thy lustrous life in man's delighted heart.

Dreams that I dream—sweet dreams!  
The length of a crowded street,  
A light form tripping to me,  
That makes my full heart beat;  
And a meeting that, thought of, seems  
Too sweet for a thing of dreams:  
Dreams that I dream—sweet dreams!

Dreams that I dreamed—wild dreams!  
A looking in tearful eyes,  
In eyes that for love of me  
Will not utter the soul's wild cries;  
And a last farewell that seems  
Too bitter for only dreams;  
Dreams that I dream—wild dreams!

## DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

### Congressional Summary.

SENATE, FRIDAY, June 11.—Nothing of interest done. Committees of Conference were appointed on the four Appropriation bills, to amendments of which the House had disagreed. The Indiana election was also considered.

SATURDAY, June 12.—Mr. Bigler (Pa.) offered a resolution, extending the session indefinitely. Private bills were discussed, and consumed the entire time. The difficulty between Gwin and Wilson was announced as settled.

MONDAY, June 14.—The Senate met at eleven and adjourned at six o'clock. Nothing of the slightest public interest was effected.

TUESDAY, June 15.—In accordance with the President's proclamation, a special session commenced this day. A memorial was presented by Mr. Perkins, of Worcester, Mass., praying for redress against the Russian Government, in consequence of its refusing to fulfill its engagements. Referred to Committee on Foreign Relations. The resolutions on British aggressions were then discussed.

WEDNESDAY, June 16.—Mr. Mason presented the resolutions on the British outrages. They embodied a determination to have the question settled at once by compelling England to abandon her pretensions, and also expressed approbation of the President's action in sending out a naval force to protect American vessels from a repetition of the aggressions. This was passed unanimously, and this short extra session closed.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, FRIDAY, June 11.—The Maryland contested election of White against Harris was considered. The Post Office bill was discussed.

SATURDAY, June 12.—A message was received from the President, requesting the House not to adjourn till it had made the necessary money appropriations. Mr. Glancy Jones made a strong appeal, and the House voted to make the Loan bill twenty millions instead of fifteen. British outrages were discussed, in which Barksdale (Miss.), Burlingame (Mass.), Kendall (Maryland) and Mr. Sickles (N. Y.) distinguished themselves.

MONDAY, June 14.—Nothing of interest was done, and the House finally adjourned.

UTAH.—News from Salt Lake states that on the 11th of May everything was quiet. Numbers of the Mormons had commenced their flight southwards, supposed to be for Sonora. The Indians annoyed them somewhat. Brigham Young had delivered over the great seal to Governor Cumming, who in vain tried to persuade the Mormons to remain. This view of the case is taken from Governor Cumming's dispatches. The commander of the American army sent against them advises Secretary Floyd that the Mormons are acting a treacherous part, and mean to wait till the troops withdraw. This, of course, they won't do, but will most probably advance and garrison some of the strongholds of the city.

CALIFORNIA.—The Star of the West has arrived; dates from San Francisco to the 20th May, and \$1,500,000. The news is singularly uninteresting. The excitement occasioned by the discovery of gold mines on Frazier river, British possessions, still continues, and the loose population of California is flowing thitherwards. The election had resulted in the Democratic triumph.

MURDEROUS DUEL.—A most unfortunate affair has happened. Edward Miles and William Curry had a dispute about some adobe, a kind of sun-dried bricks. Miles challenged the other, who declined to fight on account of his antagonist not being a gentleman. This induced Benjamin Miles, his younger brother, to challenge Curry. Rifles, at twenty paces, were chosen as the weapons. Miles fired into the air, but his brutal opponent aimed at him and killed him. The unfortunate man was buried with Masonic honors.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—Felix Belly is still exercising his diplomatic impudence in Nicaragua, and is apparently exercising great influence over President Martinez.

MEXICO.—The Zuloaga Government had imposed a tax upon all foreigners. Fighting continued in various parts of this wretched country, in which Zuloaga seems to be the vanquished party. There is, however, such enormous lying in these parts of the world that it really bewilders the public. The Pope had thanked Zuloaga for restoring the property of the clergy. The newspapers were being suppressed.

CALIFORNIA.—The Drama.—Mr. and Mrs. Wallack are performing at Maguire's Opera House. They have appeared in many of their favorite characters, among others those in Othello, Winter's Tale, Hamlet, Civilization, &c. They produced the "Poor of New York" one night, but it was a total failure. The California press erroneously gives to Mr. Bourcicault the whole discredit of this absurd piece of patchwork. He was only one-fourth part begotten of the trash. Mr. and Mrs. John Wood had succeeded the Wallacks. Miss Heffert, formerly of Burton's and the Bowery, has become one of the Alleghenians, and is very popular as a singer.

AN APPALLING DISASTER.—One of the most touching calamities we have ever read has lately occurred at Rockford, Illinois, by which the wife and eight children of Mr. Heley were drowned. This terrible result was occasioned by the bursting of a bank which confined the river in its bed, the level of which at this place is nearly thirty-five feet above the plain. When the dyke burst the water rushed under the house, and a consultation was held on the propriety of abandoning the dwelling. Unfortunately, they resolved to remain. In the night the waters rushed against the doomed dwelling; it swayed to and fro, and then finally fell, burying all in the ruins except the unhappy father, who is much to be pitied for surviving the wreck of his family. Mr. Heley was the clergyman of the place, and had only just commenced his ministry there.

THE BETTER HALF.—Ladies sometimes lead their husbands into worse scrapes than marriage. Some time ago two fair ladies of Salem, Indiana, conceived that they had the "right" to bathe a nuisance in the shape of a grocery where liquors were sold, and, arming themselves with crowbars, proceeded to execute their charitable design. The grocery keeper warned them to desist from the invasion of his rights, and this proving of no avail, he had the ungallantry to attack one of the fair demolishers with a stick. The assaulted lady backed out of the affair, and called on her husband to step into her shoes. The husband stepped into her shoes, armed with a hatchet, when the grocery keeper "let into" him with his fists, and gave him such an "awful whaling" that he had to be carried home. It is supposed that the husband, when he recovered, handed over to his wife the whaling he received on her account.

COMMODORE STOCKTON.—John Stockton, the son of this fine old sailor, has been appointed minister to Switzerland. This is much approved of by all the respectable democracy of New Jersey, and is an evidence that Mr. Buchanan is careful in selecting the men who are to uphold the dignity of the American republic in foreign countries. It has been too long the fashion to get rid of broken-down politicians by sending them abroad as consuls, ministers, &c. Mr. Rodman Price will, we are informed, soon receive a mark of the President's appreciation of his services to the Democratic cause.

JAPONICADOM.—The Fifth avenue is in a state of the most delicious twitter and flutter. Fair crinolines are practising ogling and languishing airs in long mirrors. Gouraud is inventing an elixir to make the fair sex still more bewitching. Second-hand French is in demand, and small talk is becoming greatly cultivated. "Burke's Peerage" is at a premium, and young ladies of the upper ten are learning the family names of all the great titles of England. Some have got so far as to know that Victoria's real name is Guelph, and that her title of Queen of Great Britain is an alias. Young Spindle Shanks (not the doctor) calls the Duke of Marlborough, Churchill, and the Duke of Richmond, Lenox. We are afraid that none of them will have the impudence to boast the acquaintance of the Rutland family, since they would then know *Manners*. The cause of this revival in the world of fashion is the following announcement in the *Court Journal*: "Lord Edward Cavendish, son of the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Richard Grosvenor, son of the Marquis of Westminster, were to leave for the United States during the present month, to spend six months in America." Last any of our fair readers should be induced to waste a sigh upon either of these embryo dukes, let them remember that the former is solemnly engaged to Lady Caroline Beauchamp, sister of the Duke of St. Albans; and Lord Grosvenor is equally the property (in *posse*) of Lady Georgiana Paget. They are merely coming over here to look at us savages while their honey-moons are cooking.

TRIAL BY JURY.—The first case of trial by jury has come off at Constantinople, before the English Consular Tribunal. A Maltese had been up before a half a dozen English residents, and found guilty of homicide. We trust it will work better than it does here. The reluctance of our juries to convict any criminals is very flattering as a tribute to friendship, but very inconvenient to those who have been wronged. Forgiveness of injuries should never be carried into the jury box. It is an individual virtue, not a collective wisdom.

CHOICE OF EVILS.—The Evening Visitor, of Sacramento, Cal., has a little romance which we endorse: "Miss Mary Ann Morrison, an English girl, was, last fall, taken towards Salt Lake city by some Mormon relatives. When near Fort Bridger her antipathy towards Mormonism culminated, and she fled from the train. She was followed, and just as she was about being captured an Indian of the Shoshone tribe re-appeared and took her to the Fort. Her gratitude to the 'Big Indian' became tinged with 'tender affection,' and the twin were made one by the Army Chaplain. They say the Shoshone is 'much sweet' on 'his Mary Ann.'" Some would consider this "out of the frying-pan into the fire," but a grass widow of Squash Hollow informs us most ladies would prefer a whole Indian to herself rather than the forty-eighth part of a Mormon, even though he were as big as the new Mormon chief, Blake. Women are great monopolists, and, as Byron says,

"Turn up their noses at the eightieth part  
Of what should be monopoly, the heart."

HIGH FLOODS.—At St. Louis the river has risen very much, and was still rising by the last accounts. Bloody Island is partly submerged, and tracks of the Terre Haute and Alton and the St. Louis and Chicago roads are under water. At Madison, fifteen miles above St. Louis, the water has broken through the bank, and is now running over the American bottom. The streets of Naples are two feet under water.

THE WRITING CORPSE.—The Republican, of Columbus, Indiana, in puffing a Philadelphia magazine, announces that, "Hereafter Mrs. S. will write exclusively for Peterson, her own magazine having been merged into it, and her fine corpse transferred to it." We should say a corpse would be a dead weight to it.

INGENUOUS NONSENSE.—The Sierra Gazette, of Kansas, thus playfully menanders through its vocabulary. Surely when puns reign, revolvers and bowie-knives are harmless:

"KANAS, KONGRESS AND KONTUFION.—The action of Congress on Kanwas concerns a considerable quantity of curious comment; and quite a crowd contend that clearly there can be no candid man who conceives the base cleverly adjusted. Popular sovereignty party patriots persist in pretending that their principles predominate pre-eminently; perhaps they presume particularly on that peculiar point. Locomotion leaders lay low and laugh, lingering lazily on a lean doudar, and leaving lost chances lagging in the rear. They know that Kanwas can come in completely, before Congress consents to it to knock off work; but we are sorry to know that the konoindoned kentionation continues."

A DISH OF HORRORS.—An exchange contains the following batch of suicides: Mrs. Gannett, drinking strychnine, ill health; Miss Lydia Nuck, took arsenic, love; Wm. Wood, laudanum, unknown; Thos. Barrett, hung himself, destitution; Wm. Russell, hung himself, domestic trouble; Julius Hewitt, hung himself, domestic trouble.

CALIFORNIAN GOSSIP.—Garotting is now a Californian amusement, several cases having occurred lately. Two ladies, dwelling in neighboring rancheros, quarrelled, and keeping the matter concealed from their husbands, who were both wealthy men, resolved, when their lords went forth the next day, to have it out in a regular duel. Stealing their husbands' revolvers, they met next day in a meadow, at thirty paces, and commenced firing at each other. The first one shot a pig some sixty yards off, and the other killed her best cow. Somewhat sobered by these failures, they agreed to give over their quarrel, but their fiery temper led them both in a difficulty that very evening, for each

accused the other of having damaged the pig and cow. The husbands were going to fight the matter out themselves, when the affection of one of the spouses came to their rescue; she confessed the whole affair. The husbands adjourned into the next room, and came to the determination to give their wives a good whipping in their mutual presence. This was done, but the women howled and screamed so that some neighbors were attracted, and the husbands were given in charge for attempting to murder their wives. The affair has caused considerable excitement. The cow and pig are to be brought up as witnesses. Miles Radice, of Christian county, Cal., killed his cow, recently, and found in her stomach several ten and sixpenny nails, a hook from a hat-rack, a large brass ring, a hair pin, a breastpin, and some heels and eyes. Bad as this is, it is better than still! A man named Charles Seymour has sued his friend for services rendered him—it was for escorting his wife to public places and generally amusing her, while the other carried on with Mrs. Lloyd, a grass widow of San Bernardino. The injured husband pleaded a set off, and proved that the kind friend had paid himself by seducing the woman he was employed to protect. The jury decided that did not alter the question; they awarded thirty dollars for the services rendered, but advised the husband to give up courting grass widows till he had got rid of his wife. As a pendant, we give—Since the death of Warren Carpenter, it has been ascertained from his private papers that he purchased Mrs. Levisa Fisher from her husband, six years ago, for the sum of \$15 cash, since which time she lived with him as wife and housekeeper.

## FOREIGN NEWS. ENGLAND.

### Parliamentary Summary, from May 31 to June 4.

HOUSE OF LORDS, May 31.—The Conference Report of the two Houses on the Oaths bill was considered. Lord Lyndhurst moved a compromise, which was negatived. Lord Lyndhurst then withdrew his motion to admit the Jews, upon the understanding that Earl Granville should frame something to meet the wishes of the House of Commons.

JUNE 2.—Mr. D'Israeli's after dinner speech at Slough led to considerable debate. Lord Derby defended his colleague's satirical remarks, although he owned possibly some might have been indiscreet.

JUNE 4.—The peers had a short sitting, in which Rajah Brooke's conduct was the subject of debate.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, May 31.—Mr. Lindsay inquired of Mr. Walpole if Government had any intelligence of the outrages perpetrated upon American vessels by British cruisers. Mr. Walpole would inquire and give his answer the next day.

JUNE 1.—Mr. Fitzgerald assured Mr. Lindsay that the boarding of American vessels by English ships of war was unauthorized by the Government, and would be apologized for. He, however, said nothing as to the right being abandoned.

JUNE 2.—Captain Vivian moved that the military department be under a war minister, who should be responsible for the proper fulfillment of the service. It was opposed by the Government, but the motion was carried by 106 to 104. Mr. D'Israeli announced the next night that the ministers would pay no attention to the recommendation, since it was taken in a thin house and the majority was so very small. The Suez canal was debated, in which Lord Palmerston said England could not suffer it, since it might be held by an enemy.

JUNE 3 and 4.—Little of importance. D'Israeli could give no information of what was doing in China, all being left to the discretion of Lord Elgin—nor could he produce the instructions, since they were concerned with allies in the matter.

By the Europa we have advices from Europe to the 5th June.

The news is interesting, but not important. The Great Eastern or Levantian requires £220,000 sterling more to finish it. It will be laid on between England and Portland, the Australian trip being abandoned.

The Atlantic Telegraph fleet returned to Plymouth on the 3d. The experiment of paying out the cable in three miles' deep water was perfectly successful, and the new machinery is pronounced perfect. The operation of splicing was perfected four times, and the cable was paid out at the rate of seven and eight knots per hour. The expedition was to finally start from Plymouth on the 9th June.

Additional troops were to be sent to India, the British Government having chartered twenty large vessels for that purpose. 25,000 men were to be shipped without delay.

The new Galway line of steamers commences to run in a few days from that port to New York. She will bring a Government mail. These boats will run fortnightly, and are expected to cross the Atlantic in eight days.

From India and China nothing new. A hot weather campaign was inevitable in India, and the rumor of the death of the Emperor of China led all to believe difficulties would be prolonged.

The tone of the press in relation to the British outrages, as well as the speeches in Parliament certainly indicate that the British Government will apologize and offer reparation, but they all unite in maintaining the right of visit. The London Times, however, seems to have pitched the slavery question over altogether, for it boldly recommends the abandonment of the Anti-Slavery crusade, and devote the ships and money to another and a better purpose.

From France the news is of little interest. Prudhon, the great socialist, had been sentenced to three years' imprisonment and 4,000 francs fine for the publication of his last work.

The London Times publishes a copy of the convention between Costa Rica and Nicaragua and Felix Belly, the French diplomatist. It concedes to a French company the right of a canal across the Isthmus. The Times pronounces the scheme impracticable. The Presidents of Costa Rica and Nicaragua appeal to Europe, and France particularly, for protection against American filibusters.

### LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By the Vanderbilt, which made the run from land to land in six days ten hours, we have news from Europe to the 9th.

The intelligence is summed up in a few lines.

There had been an eruption of Vesuvius, which had destroyed much life and property.

The tone of the London press on the outrages committed by their cruisers is exceedingly moderate.

The French squadron, which had sailed with sealed orders, had concentrated in the Adriatic.

There is a rumor of a difficulty between France and Spain, but it appears to rest on the mere fact of the French Ambassador at Madrid having gone to Paris.

The insurrection in Candia was becoming quite formidable.

Prince Albert is on a visit at Berlin.

India.—The news from India is a week later than our last issue. Sir Hugh Rose had defeated the sepoys with great slaughter, 4,000 being left dead on the field. They were concentrated at Calpee, where they had resolved to make another stand. Nana Sahib was becoming alarmed for his own safety and had endeavored to escape into Central India, but found the routes closed.

MOCK AUCTIONS.—Judging from Russell's letters, the auction sales of the spoils taken at Delhi, Lucknow and Cawnpore, are very much like our Peter Funk establishments of Chatham street. He says: "The sales take place every morning, from eight till ten o'clock, in the kowals or mayors' house, in the Chandnee Choke, or principal street of the city. Passing through a narrow doorway, you come to a flight of steps which leads you to the usual courtyard, surrounded by buildings on all sides, to be found in all decent Oriental mansions. The principal range is before you, and you pick your way through heaps of rubbish, to the esplanade in front of the colonnade, through which access is gained to the apartments. This rubbish consists of all kinds of furniture more or less shattered, baskets of books, and rags—sometimes indelicate—drawings, battered chandeliers, cooking utensils, and the debris of a huge city tied up in old shawls, sheets, curtains—the realization of a lunatic's dream of Wardour street, with reminiscences of the New Cut. On the esplanade are heaps of more valuable stuff—arms, and Cashmere, Delhi and Cawnpore work—arms of Damascus and Afghanistan, inland cabinets, ivory boxes, models of temples, mosques, ships, brocades, and gold and silver cloths, horse trappings, photographic apparatus, richly-bound and illuminated copies of the Koran and of Persian poems and stories—among which are moving, far more curious and interesting than the things themselves, a crowd of very odd and variously attired officers, tossing over and examining the different articles, or engaged in friendly competition for a sword, shawl, or rifle, in the hands of the auctioneer, a quick-eyed, smart-tongued Eurasian, who repeats the offers in English and Hindostanee alternately, the latter language being intended for the outside circle of natives, which forms a kind of frame for the gay picture. 'This Damasc sword, 800 rupees bid; seventy, yes, sir; eighty-five bid; one hundred rupees bid,' &c. And down comes the blade, which, on examination, turns out to be an old English regulation blade, or one of 'Genova,' which once hung by the thigh of some Italian adventurer. The prices are enormous, and in some instances, particularly in shawls, the 'takes in' have been worthy of our most London houses."

### GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

#### ENGLAND.

A Yankee Peer.—Our Down-Easter, ex-Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, completed on the 21st of May his eighty-eighth year. He was born in Boston, Mass., in 1769, and is, with the exception of Viscount St. Vincent, the oldest peer living. Only last month Lyndhurst spoke for an hour with his accustomed eloquence and force. Law seems to agree with human beings, for Brougham preserves his powers equally with his former rival.

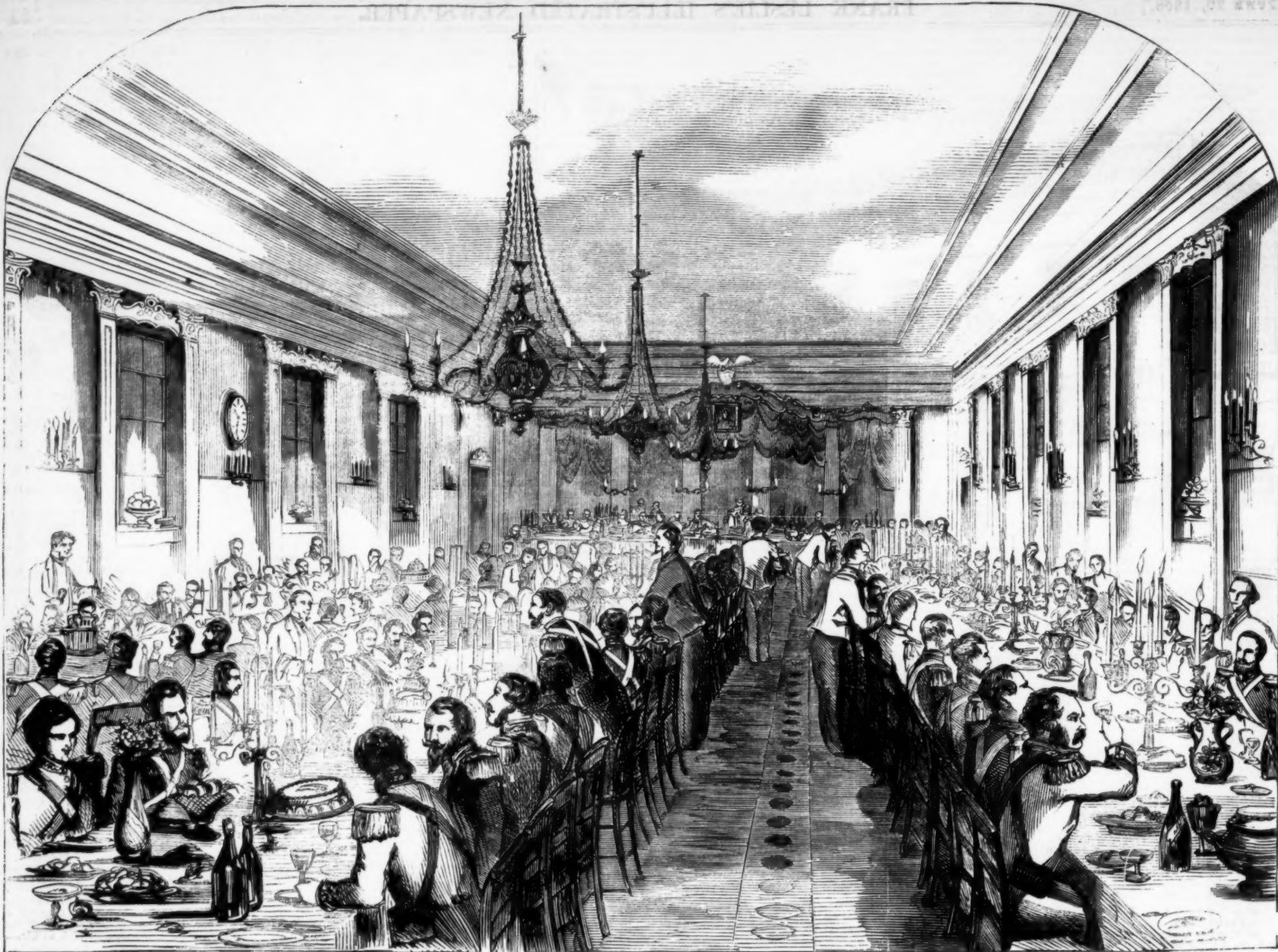
JOHN SMITH.—The original John Smith has been found. Shem, the son of Noah, was the founder of this wonderful family. The way in which it travelled into Smith was thus: Shem, Shem, Shem, Shem. After this Smith comes quite naturally.

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—On the evening before the departure of the Electric fleet a grand dinner was given by Captain Stewart of the Impregnable and the British officers, to Captain Hudson of the Niagara and his officers. The quarter-deck was profusely decorated, and in the evening brilliantly illuminated. The dinner was excellent, and the healths of the Queen and President were drank with great applause. The next morning this much talked of fleet



kept a grocery. The men were arrested and thrown into prison. One sunny morning, in the absence of the sheriff and his deputy, and during the celebration of mass, a body of men, calling themselves a Vigilance Committee, headed by an Irishman named Phillips, and a Belgian named Koerts, broke open the jail and took possession of the prisoners. A beam was quickly brought, a gallows was constructed, and these two wretches, without judge, jury or priest—together with a Frenchman, who was also confined in the prison—were hung up with wonderful celerity. This outrage was principally owing to the harangues of a Jewish dentist, who had fled from New York for taking something more than teeth out of his





DINNER AT THE ASTOR HOUSE, GIVEN TO THE EASTON LIGHT INFANTRY BY THE LIGHT GUARD OF NEW YORK. SEE FIRST PAGE.

customers' possession, and whose hatred of justice almost equalled his abhorrence of pork. When "the fun" was over, these amateur hangmen went quietly home to their respective habitations, leaving the three poor creatures of humanity hanging in the air to astonish the pious Catholics as they came from mass.

The bay of Monterey is a great resort for whales, and while I was there some Portuguese fishermen caught one of the humpback species, measuring nearly thirty feet.

Before my departure from Monterey I paid a visit to the Mission San Carlos, which is located in Carmel's Valley, a few miles from the city. It is now nothing save a heap of ruins, the church alone standing. This is a building with two steeples, and measures about a hundred feet in length and thirty in breadth. The image of the patron saint is riddled with bullets, having been converted by the Americans into a target—our riflemen being unable to realize they were committing a sacrilege by firing upon a wooden saint. The natives, however, regard the act as a desecration, and still retain their animosity.

This mission was founded in 1770, and is built upon a beautiful spot—just at the union of the sea with a small stream. Here in 1826 the first California potatoes were raised; at that time the mission had eighty-eight thousand head of cattle, eighteen hundred horses, three hundred and sixty-five yoke of oxen, sixty thousand sheep, and forty thousand dollars in coin. These accumulations were taken from the Church, and secularized in 1835.

The evening before my departure a cold-blooded murder was committed at the hotel. A man named Belcher, living a few miles from Monterey, and bearing an equivocal character, was leaning against the counter in the bar-room, facing the door. The night being very warm and moonlight, the door was left open. All of a sudden a man's head protruded from behind a post on the outside, then a hand, armed with a revolver—it was fired, and Belcher fell mortally wounded on the floor of the bar-room. Search was made immediately, but the assassin had escaped. This Belcher was worth eighty thousand dollars, which he had acquired in a most dishonest manner; he was also violent and revengeful, and had made so many enemies that he was always accompanied by a band of armed retainers. He had been accused of hiring some braves to assassinate a man named Roache, against whom he cherished a deadly animosity. Where he was shot he considered himself as surrounded by his friends.

Leaving Monterey, I continued my journey in a southern direction towards the Mission La Soledad, which is about forty miles from Monterey. The country through which I travelled was hilly and well wooded, till I arrived at the Toro Rancho, on the banks of the Salinas river. Here I found two roads, both leading to La Soledad. The one running for a considerable distance near the banks of the river, and through extensive forests, I had been advised to avoid, two travellers, Well and Williamson, having been

murdered there a few months previous. To gain the other I was compelled to ford the river, then passing a settlement called Salinas, I struck into the extensive level plain, about eighteen miles long and twelve wide, which I found a dreary desert, not a vestige of grass being visible; and having understood that I should find no habitation till very near La Soledad, I feared my poor mule would suffer for want of food, and almost regretted not having taken the other road; for myself I was plentifully provided. There being no alternative, I jogged along, waiting like Micawber for "something to turn up." Unfortunately for me, nothing "turned up" but wind, and such a wind! it blew like a hurricane during the whole day, and I understood this wind frequently continues during the whole summer season with unabated fury; this I could well believe, for scattered over the plain were a few dwarfed oak trees, with branches only on one side, and these all bending towards the south, in which direction the wind usually blows. I nevertheless considered myself fortunate in having the wind behind me, since it must prove much less fatiguing both to myself and mule. While I was riding quietly along, my straw hat was suddenly blown from my head, and rolled along on its brim with incredible speed; expecting that it would shortly fall on the flat side, I delayed pursuit till when it was nearly out of sight; I resolved to give chase, and a ludicrous race I had; I galloped for nearly an hour before I overtook the fugitive, and then

I was obliged to speed on in advance, dismount hurriedly, and lay in wait for the hat, which was nearly flying. When I recovered it, I took precaution against the repetition of such a disaster.

Towards sunset I became aware of my alternative, either to camp on this desolate plain, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, without the means of building a fire for myself or obtaining grass for my mule, or else cross over to the chain of mountains, stretching along to my left, and which were about four or five miles distant.

I chose the latter, and when I arrived at a cañon studded with oak and pine trees it was nearly dark. There was also a small quantity of grass for my mule, which I immediately unsaddled, and then proceeded to build a fire and make some coffee for myself. I was here protected from the wind, and was only apprehensive of a visit from some grizzly bears, of which I had perceived many tracks. The night, however, passed tolerably well, and when morning dawned I returned to the road I had left the previous evening, arriving about noon at the Mission La Soledad, which is, at the present time, owned by a native family called Sovereign.

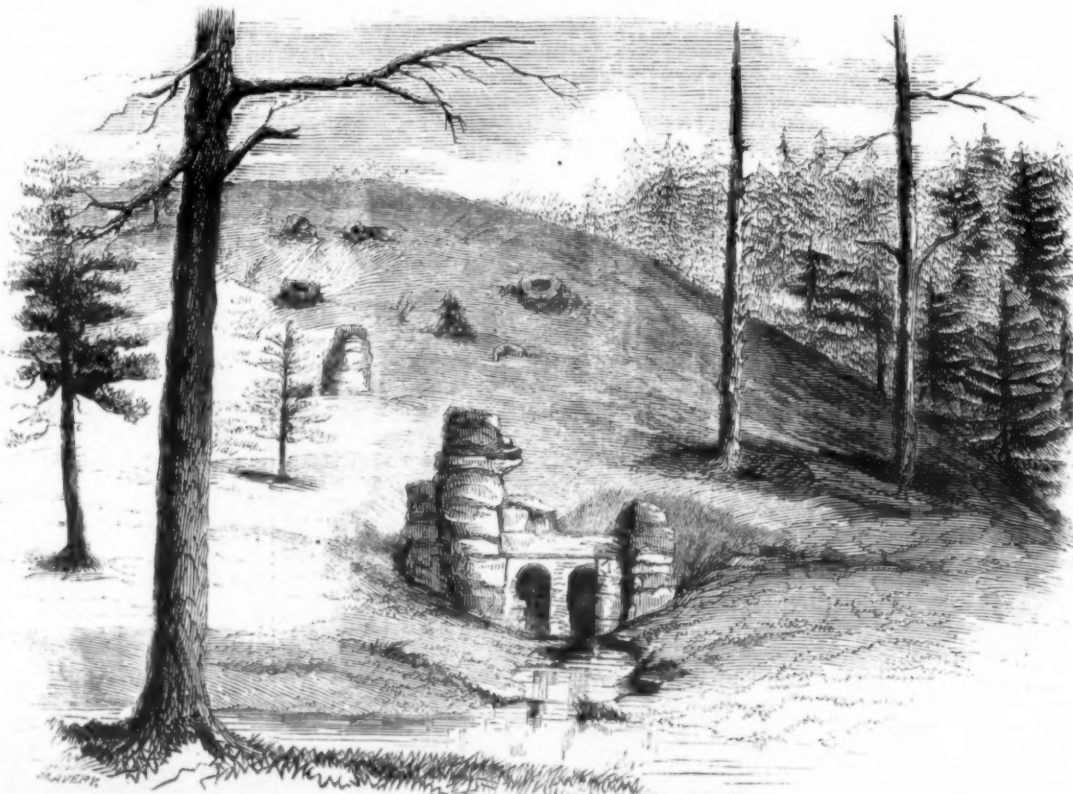
I purchased some barley for my mule, for which I was charged a shilling a pound; it was exorbitant, but I had no alternative.

Afflicted with violent headache, I requested a cup of coffee, which, when strong, frequently relieved me, but when handed to me it did not taste or smell like coffee, having been made in the Mexican style, namely, coffee beans very highly burnt and ground to dust, of which a few pinches are boiled for about an hour in a gallon of water. I was unable to drink it, and handed to the young woman who acted as cook a liberal quantity of my own coffee, requesting her to make me a cup with that. She was astonished at my extravagance, and declared the whole family did not use more in a week.

The coffee soon restored me, when I took a sketch of what remains of the mission, which is, however, very little.

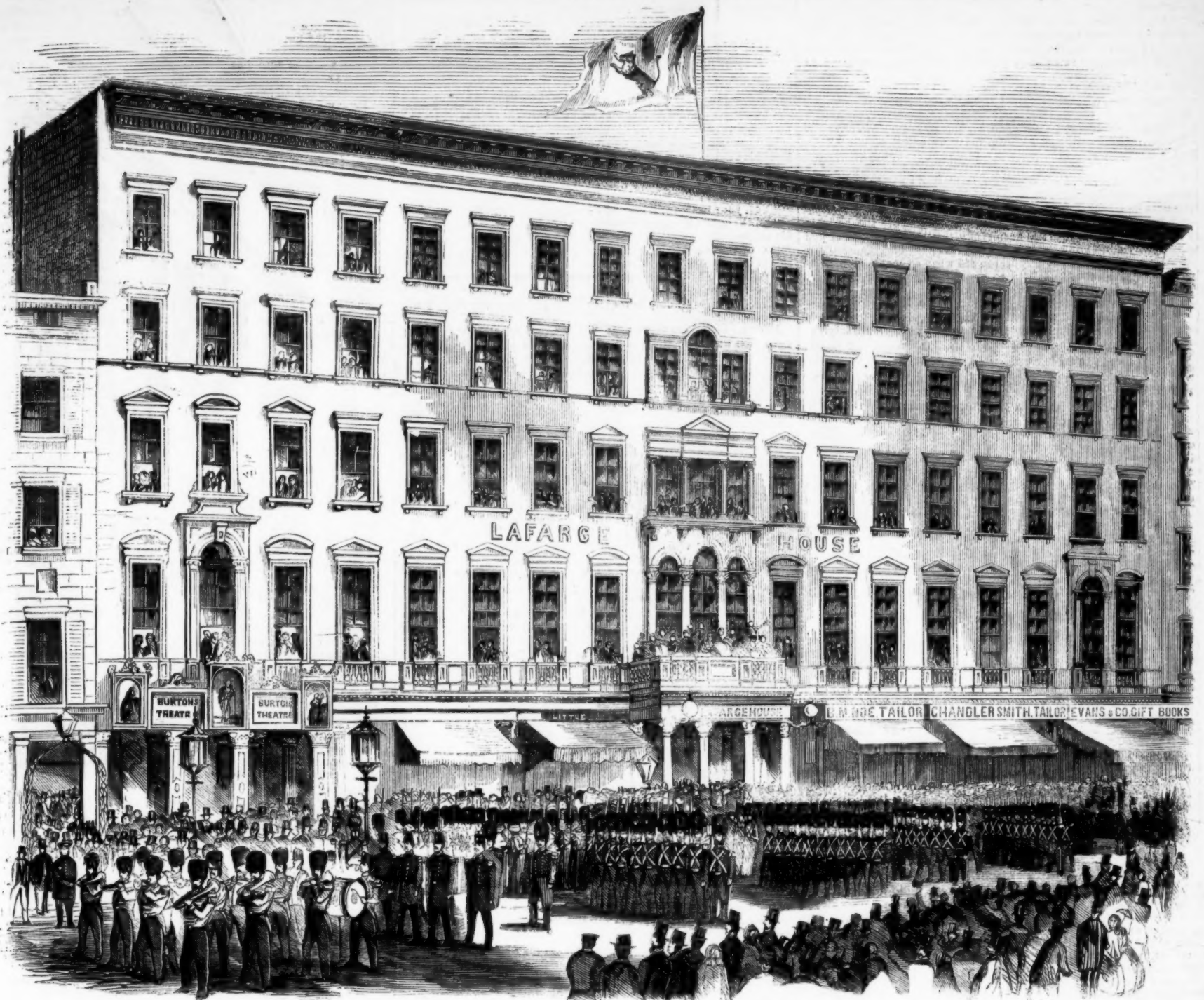
The Mission of La Soledad, or, rather, Nuestra Señora de la Soledad, is situated in a plain called El Llano del Rey. The presiding priest was an indefatigable agriculturist. To meet the inconvenience and suffering occasioned by the summer drought, he had constructed, with the assistance of the Indians, an aqueduct extending fifteen miles, by which means he could water twenty thousand acres of land. In 1826 this mission owned about thirty-six thousand head of cattle, and a greater number of horses than any of the other missions in the country. So great was the fecundity of these animals that they were given away to preserve the pasturage for the cattle and sheep. It had about seventy thousand sheep and three hundred yoke of tame oxen. In 1819 the mayor-dom of this mission gathered three thousand four hundred bushels of wheat from thirty-eight bushels sown. Some of these old Missions are supposed to contain much buried treasure, and attempts have been made to get at it—as in the case of the ruins of Santa Cruz, a sketch of which accompanies the present chapter.

(To be continued.)



THE RUINS OF SANTA CRUZ, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, NEAR THE QUICKSILVER MINES OF NEW ALMADEN.





RECEPTION OF THE BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY, AT THE LAFARGE HOUSE, BROADWAY, BY THE LIGHT GUARD OF NEW YORK. SEE FIRST PAGE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

### GOLD AND GLITTER

OR  
THE ADVENTURES OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Written Expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.  
BY ORLANDO LANG.

#### CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"Ah! I see; fearful of an attack on the road!"

"Not so—guess again."

"Not afraid of me, I hope?"

Harley's lip curled with intense scorn. "Afraid of you! I trust not. But I brought this with me," and he took the pistol from his pocket and laid it on his knees, "to blow your brains out with if I perceived anything like treachery."

Thornton, with a great show of indignation, was about to expostulate, but Harley cut him short, saying, "There, don't talk about it. I do not distrust you, but am always prepared for every extremity, that is all. You suggested that I should visit you here instead of in the city. The place suited me well, but how did I know but that it was not a trap to murder me?"

"I swear to you that ourselves and my wife are the only human beings in the house."

"You are not always alone."

"No; but expecting you to-night I ordered the boys to keep away until after nine."

"That was well. And now to business; I have altered my mind as regards Ralph Forrester. I have seen him; the affair of last night has made him desperate."

"Then you want him put out of the way at once. I wish I had known it last night, it could have been managed beautiful."

"I wish you would not interrupt me."

"Your pardon, I am dumb but not deaf."

"Remain so until I have finished then. I told you I had altered my mind regarding Ralph."

"You did."

"You forget you are dumb."

Thornton bowed his head deprecatingly.

"Instead of degrading him further, I am about to elevate him to a position in society. In the course of a few weeks his sister and himself will be courted and caressed by the best people in New York. The girl shall marry Gerald Marston; he has a small fortune and a great heart, he will labor and attain wealth, so she will be provided for. Ralph can become the husband of an heiress if he choose; he is handsome and intelligent, and I doubt not agreeable, so he will be settled in life. Now for your part in the device; you must swear to me that neither Ralph nor Edith shall ever be troubled by your fearful fraternity, that they shall never be reminded even of the terrible scene that they have gone through. Will you promise me this?"

"I scarcely know what to say, you astonish me to that degree."

"Will you swear?"

"Give me time to think, and furthermore I imagine I have a right

to some explanation. Yesterday you would have made the boy a confederate of thieves and cut-throats, to day you elevate him to wealth and position; is that what you call revenge?"

"Fool," Harley muttered, looking at the questioner with intense scorn. "For what injury am I to seek vengeance? on which side lies the wrong-doing in my transactions with them? Do you think me idiot enough to strive to convince myself that I have been injured by

them? No! I find my ends can be better gained now by exalting them, and if they can so manage as to maintain their position after they have done my work, so much the better. But you do not make the promise I ask."

"I make it on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That neither ever divulges the secrets they have become ac-



EDITH DEFIES HARLEY, AND WARNS HIM FROM HER PRESENCE. VIDE CHAPTER X. OF "GOLD AND GLITTER; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN."



quainted with. Should they betray us, even I could not shield them from death."

"I accept the condition. Recollect this is now a compact; if you violate it I will crush you without pity."

"And I have you in my power likewise," Mr. Thornton thought, "and will crush you some day, whether confidence is violated or no."

"For the present, then, I have no more to say," Harley said; "so, with your leave, will bid you good night."

"You won't go without a glass of something warm?"

"Not if I can help it, I assure you, for the air is very keen."

Mr. Thornton arose, and opening the door called aloud, "Moll, Moll, I say, fetch along the lish."

No reply.

"Curse the woman, she's asleep," he muttered; so he shouted the same command, in a voice loud enough to awaken the Seven Sleepers. This time he was more successful.

"What are you making such a d-d patter about?" the amiable spouse asked. "The lish has been ready this half-hour, and if you want it, why don't you come along and get it?"

With a muttered oath, Mr. Thornton did what so many great men before him have done, submitted to the controlling influence of his better-half, and in a few moments returned with a jug of steaming whiskey punch, of which agreeable beverage Mr. Harley swallowed two large glassfuls, and then, muffling himself up in his cloak, once more entered his sleigh and drove briskly along towards the city.

#### CHAPTER VII.—THE COMPACT.

It was about nine o'clock at night, and Edith and Ralph, as on the previous evening, were together in their sorry abode.

Edith was pale and nervous, and with her elbow on the table supported her weary, aching head on her delicate and trembling white hand. She had not closed her eyes during all the preceding night, and even now the terrible scene she had gone through drove away all thoughts of repose. Turn where she would, with eyes open or shut, she continually saw her brother pinioned in the grasp of those dark-browed ruffians, and would start and shudder, feeling almost palpably the cold iron pressing her own brow. Every noise alarmed her; every gust of wind, as it moaned down the open chimney or whistled in at the clattering casement, sent the blood back to her head in wild pulsations. Ralph was pacing up and down the room with hasty strides, and ever as he passed his sister her eyes would be raised to his face so lovingly, and her white lips murmured a prayer of thanksgiving that she still had him with her.

"Why don't he come?" Ralph said at length, impatiently. "It must be past nine, is it not?"

"I have not heard the clock strike yet," Edith resumed.

"And your watch has stopped, I suppose," Ralph retorted, with a bitter laugh. "Never mind, darling, you shall have watches, and diamonds too; silks and satins, laces and flowers, as well as the best of them; or as sure as there's a heaven above, (and you tell me there surely is one), William Harley shall fill a felon's cell or a suicide's grave in less than a week."

"Do not talk so wildly, Ralph; I covet none of these splendors," Edith said in a low, sweet voice. "If we must accept anything from this fearful man, let it be some quiet retreat in the country, some pretty spot far away among the hills and meadows, where we would forget this great, cruel city and all the miseries we have endured. Oh, Ralph, that would be happiness indeed. You would become strong, your step elastic, your cheek ruddy with health, for you would have the garden and field to labor in, the mountain to climb, the lake to skim, and I—I should sing as loud and as gaily as the birds, as I attended to the household duties, prepared our simple meals, and watched the flowers grow. Oh, yes, I will accept that even from our oppressor."

Ralph paused before his sister, and listened to her until she had finished. "All very well," he said; "all very well to talk or read about, this rural felicity; but it won't do; I should be crazy in less than six months. No, Edith, here where we have suffered degradation and shame—"

"Not shame, Ralph."

"Well, as you please; I'm not over nice at differences. Here we will live as become us, in luxury and splendor. Do you hear, Edith? We shall have gold, I say; the proud and great will court us, and the poor and humble sue to us for help. Ha! ha! ha! It will be brave, will it not?"

"Such a life would be but a whitened sepulchre."

"Well, what are all lives but whitened sepulchres? What are all men and women but walking lies, moving, breathing masses of deceit and hypocrisy. I have lost all faith in humanity."

Edith's blue eyes were full of tears, which welling over coursed slowly down her sunken cheeks. She did not speak though, only looked at her brother beseechingly.

"Confound it all!" he said, petulantly, "what a mean, cowardly wretch I am! All I do from morning to night is to make you wretched. Forgive me, Edith dear, I speak without knowing what I am going to say. I don't wound you intentionally."

He stooped down to kiss away the tears he had caused, and she put both arms around his neck and held his cheek against hers. Just then a loud rap announced a visitor, and without waiting to be asked Mr. Harley entered.

He was a marvel, that man; both Edith and Ralph knew him through and through, yet before he had been seated fifteen minutes he had engaged them both in pleasant conversation, and all three chatted sociably together of the future.

Harley had assumed his most frank and winning mood; he actually seemed to have brought light and sunshine into that poverty-stricken, cheerless abode.

"You will yet acknowledge that there is some good in me," he said, after they had been talking for some time; "at least I hope so, and am willing to wait. Works, not words, are the great justifiers, and to the present and future the wise look, not to the past."

"If you would only permit us to shun society in place of courting it," Edith said, "then indeed I would be content."

"What, shut such beauty out from the world," Harley answered, gaily and gallantly. "Not a bit of it; let the world see, and admire, and revere; believe me, you will say with Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici*."

"You mock me, sir; I am in every way unfitted for the life you would have me lead."

"The more reason why you should commence to practise at once then. Remember, too, that you have to look around for a life partner, a search that can scarcely be commenced too young, seeing how long a time it takes to accomplish it."

This was a touchstone, and Mr. Harley watched acutely to see the result.

Edith looked up quickly, and her face flashed crimson. "What do you take me for," she said almost fiercely, "that you speak thus? Do you suppose that I am base enough to entrap an honest man into marrying me—me, a beggar and an outcast; me, a poor, miserable wretch, who could not prove to him that I had a right to the name I bore? Though, Heaven be praised, I have that right; I know it, I know it."

He was in a measure prepared for this outbreak, so he merely replied quite calmly, "There, there, don't be angry; everything concerning my dear sister's, your mother's marriage will no doubt one day be made clear as daylight."

"To me it is now as clear as daylight," she answered; "and that it will be equally as clear to the whole world before I die I am as certain as that I stand here; Providence directs all things wisely, and never deserts those whose trust is firm and abiding." She had risen to her feet, and one arm was raised appealingly to Heaven.

I appreciate your feelings," Harley said, drily; "but to return to the subject under discussion, as I understand that you accept my offer."

"We do," Ralph answered, hastily, before Edith had time to re-

monstrate; "and you shall see in a week's time such a transformation as was never heard of out of fables."

"I do not doubt your willingness to accede, but I must also have your sister's assurances, nay, her promise." He took Edith's hand in his as he spoke, and strive as she would she could not bring herself to submit to his touch, so she withdrew her hand quickly, saying at the same time,

"Give me time to think; my brain is all bewildered now—give me a day, an hour."

"I told you yesterday that I should require an answer to-night," he said.

"I know it; but I have undergone the misery of years since then."

"The more reason why you should decide at once to place yourself and your brother above the reach of such trials."

"My brother!"

"Yes, your brother; if not for your own sake, then for his, yield."

"Edith, how can you hesitate?" Ralph said in an undertone to his sister. "It is only what is actually our own, love—take, and think of the ecstasy of having at our command money, money, Edith, in unlimited quantities."

"But do you know what he expects in return for this money you so eagerly covet?"

"No. I neither know nor care; once in possession of it, I will defy him."

Harley heard those last words, but the only effect they produced upon him was to cause a supercilious smile to play about his lips. Ralph never noticed that smile, but Edith did, and shuddered.

"Your answer," Harley said, drawing close to Edith.

Still she hesitated.

He came closer still, and whispered a few words in her ear.

She became white, then marble, the room swam round her, and she was obliged to clutch at her chair for support.

This only lasted a minute, though; presently a marble-like rigidity settled down upon her countenance; her limbs seemed to have become as firm as iron; even her voice as she addressed Harley had undergone a startling change; it was as musical as before, but without tremor, without emotion.

"I accept your offer," she said; "but I warn you to beware of the consequences of your own acts. Had you left me to my misery, I had ever been to you as one dead; now I am as the dead revived. A great purpose and a great end is before me, William Harley. I will accomplish that purpose, I will attain that goal."

He was startled in spite of himself, at her manner more than by her words, and he muttered something between his clenched teeth about the "ravings of a silly girl."

She smiled when she caught his words. It was a smile such as had never been seen on her face before, and it troubled the proud man the more.

For the first time in his life he was utterly disconcerted—neither knew what to do or what to say, for Edith's eyes were riveted upon him, and seemed to read him through and through.

Mechanically he took a purse from his pocket, and laid it on the table.

"That will suffice for immediate wants," he said. "You will hear from me at length to-morrow."

Still Edith neither moved nor spoke, only kept her eyes fixed upon him.

"Remember I have your solemn promise," he continued, endeavoring to shake off the feeling of embarrassment that had come over him.

"You have," she answered. "I will make it an oath if you desire it."

The change was complete now; the trusting, loving, gentle girl was transformed into the stately, noble, wronged and avenging woman.

"No, no—I am satisfied."

"Are you sure of that?"

He could not answer her.

"Are you sure of that?" she reiterated.

"Certainly," he said, petulantly; "I have gained my point."

"You have the advantage of me there, for I have only just discovered during the last five minutes the goal that I must reach; I have a long and a weary journey before me; but I will reach it, and then—but no matter—leave me now."

He was glad of the excuse to go, so simply repeating that they would hear from him more at length, he turned and left the room.

Edith listened until his footsteps died away, then she clasped her hands quickly over her heart, every sense that had been so sternly braced seemed unstrung, a terrible numbness seized her limbs, the blackness of midnight was before her eyes.

"Help, help, my brother!" she gasped rather than said, but before he could reach her she fell prostrate upon the floor. In an instant Ralph was kneeling beside her, listening if he could hear her heart beat.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—WHEREIN EDITH MEETS GERALD MARSTON.

IN AN exquisitely fitted-up boudoir, connected with a suite of rooms of similar elegance in one of the most fashionable hotels in the neighborhood of Union square, a young and lovely lady was sitting, evidently awaiting the arrival of some person. She was dressed in an evening costume, which displayed great good taste and great richness. A flounced robe of delicate chené pink silk, made with short sleeves and low in the neck, fitted faultlessly to a figure of exquisite grace and symmetry; her shoulders were covered, but not hidden, by a pretty lace sylphide; and the masses of golden hair, arranged in plain bands in front, were gathered in beautiful braids behind, and interwoven with trailing flowers of the same hue as her dress.

Her countenance was very beautiful, but white as the purest marble, and her blue eyes, which were cast down and veiled by long, soft lashes, had a somewhat mournful expression. Her lips were compressed, and indicated considerable firmness of character, and her small hands were clasped, together and rested listlessly on her lap.

In this lady, so richly apparelled and surrounded by such luxury, you will, perhaps, scarcely recognize Edith Forrester, the once miserable outcast, whose busy needle earned her daily bread. Yet it was no other.

The door that led to her dressing-room opened, and a tidy French maid entered, carrying over her arm a white opera cloak, and in her hand a rigolette.

"Monsieur not come yet?" she asked, looking around with some surprise. "Why, madame promised Mr. Harley she would not be later than nine, and it is nine o'clock already."

As she spoke the artistic bronze clock on the mantel-piece struck the hour mentioned.

Edith looked up with a slight shrug of her shoulders, and answered, "Well, Marie, it is not my fault; I cannot go alone."

"*C'est vrai, mademoiselle*," and the girl, having deposited the articles she bore upon the sofa, busied herself in giving a finishing touch to her young mistress's hair.

She had not been thus engaged many minutes before the door opened, and a young man entered. He was dressed in the height of the fashion, but without any vulgar attempt at display, wearing no jewellery save very small gold studs in a snowy cambric shirt bosom, and sleeve-buttons of the same unpretentious character. His costume was a full-dress suit of black, with carefully polished calf-skin boots. His raven hair was arranged with studied *negligé*, and his heavy black moustache nearly covered his mouth. Four weeks had effected even a more wonderful change in Ralph than in Edith Forrester. He had said truly to William Harley that he should see such a transformation as was never heard of.

"Have I kept you waiting?" he asked.

"Not many moments."

"Well, the carriage is ready."

"And so am I," and with these words Edith arose, and permitting Marie to throw her cloak over her shoulders, took the rigolette in her hand, and passing her arm through her brother's said, "Come—let us go."

"You will take cold, I am sure, mademoiselle," Marie said, in a state of great alarm; "let me arrange your rigolette, I pledge my reputation not a single hair shall be displaced."

"No, no. I am well enough as I am," Edith replied, and in spite of the remonstrance of Marie, hurried down stairs and sprang into the carriage that was waiting.

A drive of a minute or two brought them to Mr. Harley's residence, and in a few moments Edith had thrown aside her cloak, and leaning on her brother's arm, entered the drawing-room. The apartments were brilliantly lighted, but only a few guests were assembled—in fact it was merely a gathering of most intimate friends to pass Christmas eve, and despite their recent mourning, both Hester and Gerald had been undecieved to join the party on the express understanding that no strangers were to be present except Ralph and Edith Forrester, whom Mr. Harley had represented as wealthy relatives of his lately arrived from the South, and to whom he felt it incumbent upon himself to render every courtesy. Mr. Harley advanced to meet the brother and sister as they came in, and presenting them first to Mrs. Harley, proceeded to introduce them personally to the remainder of the party, taking especial care to leave Edith on a sofa, under the charge of Gerald Marston.

"Miss Forrester is a stranger in New York," he said. "You must initiate her, Gerald, into some of the mysteries of society." Then, with a smile, he hurried away to provide for Ralph, but to his astonishment, he perceived the young man already engaged in earnest conversation with his own daughter.

A frown passed quickly over his face, but he said nothing, only exerted himself to the utmost to entertain his guests, and, as was always the case, succeeded admirably.

Immediately on entering the *salon* Ralph's eyes sought for May Harley, and almost instantaneously he perceived her glances fixed upon him, as they had been the first time they had ever met. She was seated near her mother, and had been carrying on a lively conversation with Mr. Benson—a middle-aged lawyer, who made one of the party—and with whom Gerald had commenced the study of law, to which profession he had determined to devote his energies; but no sooner did she see Ralph than the words died away on her lips, and she scarcely heard the voice of her companion, so he arose and left, and as he did so Forrester, with a low bow, occupied the chair he had vacated, and after exchanging a few common-places with Mrs. Harley, addressed his conversation to May.

"I believe I may consider that I have had the pleasure of an introduction," he said; "at all events I shall claim that you were included by Mr. Harley when he presented me to his lady."

May looked down with a blush, and was so much embarrassed she could scarcely speak.

"Have we not met before?" she asked, after the pause of a moment.

"When and where? Surely I could not forget such a pleasure!"

"She was sorely puzzled, and rapidly ran over in her mind the circumstances under which she had first seen him. "It must be the same," she thought; "and yet it cannot be." So she said, aloud, "Excuse me, I must be laboring under a mistake; the striking likeness you bear to a person I once met has deceived me."

"You forgive my audacity, then, in insisting upon an acquaintance," he spoke in a very low soft voice, and looking earnestly at her all the while. She trembled beneath his glances, but it was with an undefinable feeling of ecstasy, a strange joy she had never been conscious of before. From that hour a new existence seemed to open before her, the germ of love had taken root in her young, pure heart.

"I do not know why you should apologize," she answered, "for I am sure I am much pleased to know you."

"Then I do not regret that our acquaintance was commenced without the formality of a regular introduction," Ralph said. "I shall argue from it a shorter road to friendship."

With ordinary persons May Harley was never at a loss for a reply, no matter what subject was under discussion; but now words failed, and she sat silently toying with her fan, or by merely monosyllabic answers encouraging him to talk on. And he did talk on with all that earnestness of manner, tinged now and then with bitterness and misanthropy, which, if properly applied, is sure to be eagerly drunk in by young and inexperienced maidens. But while May and Ralph have thus commenced an acquaintance which we are to follow step by step, let us turn for a time to Gerald and Edith, whose lives we have also to trace out.

Gerald of course had been at once struck with Edith's singular beauty, and gladly availed himself of the opportunity of drawing her into conversation, and his delight was indeed enhanced when he found her mind stored with wealth no less attractive than the external beauty that had so enchanted him.

Edith for her part had not even raised her eyes to glance at Marston when Mr. Harley presented him, and to his first questions had returned melancholy, civil replies; but when, after a short time, she found herself actually becoming interested in the conversation, she looked up at her companion, and doubtless found him as attractive personally as he had long since discovered her to be. A slight color relieved the marble whiteness of her cheek, and she passed a pleasant half hour in his society than she had known for many weary years, and it was with no small degree of gratification that she cordially granted his earnestly-urged request that he might be permitted to visit her.

"Lucky dog, you," Mr. Harley said to Gerald, when the young man, feeling that he was engrossing more of the fair stranger's time than courtesy permitted, had yielded his place beside her to another and was crossing the room to speak to his cousin Hester. "Lucky dog, you; they say she's worth a hundred thousand."

Gerald smiled and replied, "She's worth a hundred thousand ordinary young ladies, if that is what you mean."

"Caught, by Jove!" Harley muttered, as he moved on. "Never even nibbled, but swallowed the bait greedily at once. Ah, ha, do I not make shrewd guesses sometimes?" and he rubbed his hands together. His exultation was not without its alloy, though, for still Ralph remained seated on the sofa talking earnestly to May, and still she listened as if spell-bound.

It was an eventful night that to more than one person of whose history these pages treat.

#### CHAPTER IX.—AN EARLY WALK, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

DAYS and weeks passed on, and by the machinations of William Harley, no less than through their own inclinations, Gerald Marston and Edith Forrester were thrown much together, and the sentiments which at first partook of admiration and esteem broadened and deepened, on the man's part at least, into love. Gerald had no hope, no ambition now that was not in some manner connected with Edith. He labored assiduously at his studies, because he wished to be able to offer her an honored name; he made all sorts of plans by which to increase the small sum he was to receive on his twenty-first birthday, because he desired money that he might lay it at her feet; and above all, he strove to walk in that path which leads upwards to eternal summer, feeling that he could lay upon the holy shrine of love no more acceptable offering than purity and truth.

And Edith, how was it with her? She dared not ask herself that question. What had she to do with love? she whose present life was a tissue of deceit—she whose outward seeming form denied her inward wretchedness—she whom reckless fate had forced into a position her whole nature revolted from. And above all, how dared she even give one thought to her own happiness so long as a cloud rested upon her mother's name? There was a great mystery for her to solve, a profound and wily hypocrite to be unmasked, a snake in



the grass to be trodden under foot before she could give herself up to the inestimable joy of loving.

It was this feeling, this determination, that for the time being had utterly changed the nature of Edith Forrester; she was no longer the timid, thinking girl, trembling and crouching before her adversary, but the haughty, defiant, beautiful woman. Her step had become firm, her voice serene and deep, and her entire manner dignified and majestic.

She had bade William Harley beware lest he should tremble before the spirit he himself had raised; he did tremble, but no one living being knew what was passing in his mind; the surface was as clear and unruffled as ever.

A strong feeling of regard for each other had grown up between Edith and Hester Stanhope. Hester, left alone in the world, sought eagerly for one on whom to lavish her affection, and she had found that person in her new friend. Nor was the feeling at all lessened when her keen eyes perceived how great an interest her cousin Gerald commenced to take in everything relating to Edith. She had indeed loved her cousin with all the fervor of a first deep affection; but she had also felt assured from the first that his feelings towards her were only those of a devoted brother; and she had too much strength of mind, too much self-control to continue worship where she knew there was to be no response; so it was actually with a sensation of pleasure that she marked his growing attachment for Edith. She had learned to think of him as of a brother, and where could she find that brother a more lovely companion for life?

This intimacy between Edith and Hester was by no means displeasing to Mr. Harley; for as Hester had now become an inmate of his house, it served to bring Edith the oftener under his roof, and he so arranged it that she seldom failed when there to encounter Gerald Marston.

He had another reason now for desiring above all things to effect a union between these two—he longed for the time to come when he could hurl Edith back to beggary—when he might trample her proud spirit in the dust, and hurl her mother's shame in her teeth before her husband's face. So long as she was meek and submissive he had never desired to injure her further than the fulfilment of his own plans necessitated; but now that she rendered him scorn for scorn, met his sarcasms with scathing rejoinders and his threats with sneers, all his worst passions were aroused, and he longed with eager yearning for the opportunity to arrive in which to wreak on her a fearful vengeance. Ralph, too, whom he had always hated, was now a thorn in his path, which at present he was obliged to leave uncrushed, though it was absolute agony to him to see a man who had once been the companion of thieves and murderers engrossing the attention of his young, innocent daughter, and to perceive that she, too, in place of repelling, seemed to be strangely fascinated by him. Her whole nature seemed to have undergone a change since first meeting him, the gay laugh was no more heard echoing through the house, the light footstep had become slow and heavy, her arms were no longer with an overflow of love about her father's neck, once now to twenty times previously. Only in Ralph's presence did she appear to revive, and even then her happiness was feverish and exhausting—exquisitely thrilling for the hour, but followed by long fits of silent thought.

One morning, after having passed a wakeful night, May arose quite early, and dressing herself, sallied forth for a walk, in order to drive away, if possible, the thoughts that haunted her.

It was a clear, cold morning, and as she walked quickly along, the bracing air brought a fresh bloom to her cheek and a new lustre to her eyes. She had not proceeded a great distance before she noticed two men coming towards her, and the crimson blush that suffused her face indicated plainly who one of them, at least, was.

They were close upon her, however, before perceiving her; so that she had a good opportunity to mark Ralph's companion, and that companion being no less a person than our friend, Sam Thornton, it is probable that the opinion of the young lady, then and there formed, was scarcely a favorable one.

They were engaged discussing some question very warmly, and, to all appearances, not very amicably, for, as they drew near, May's ears were shocked by hearing Thornton say, in a loud voice, "I tell you I must and will have money, and if that cursed old hypocritical villain won't give it to me, you must."

How little she dreamed that the villain alluded to was her own father.

Just as Ralph was about to reply, he caught sight of May; he changed color slightly, but whispering hurriedly to Thornton, "I will do anything—anything—only give me until to-night and leave me now."

So saying, he turned quickly, and, with a quiet smile, offered his arm to May Harley.

"Ho, ho!" Mr. Thornton said, as he noted this proceeding; "lies the wind in that quarter? An unlucky day for Mr. Ralph Forrester when Sam Thornton made the discovery—a new vein to bleed. Ah! ha!" and rubbing his hands together and chuckling audibly, he hurried on and was soon out of sight.

"Who is that horrible man?" May asked, as, after first refusing, she consented to pass her little hand through Ralph's arm; "and why did he use such harsh words?"

"Did you hear him?"

"Only the last sentence."

"It was a matter of no account and would not interest you, May."

She looked up quickly and reproachfully in his face.

"Are you angry that I call you May?"

"Another reproachful look."

"Well, I see you are, and will endeavor to correct it in future."

"You know better than that, Ralph."

"Why that reproachful glance then?"

"You said that what had happened would not interest me."

"And would it?"

"Is there a necessity to ask that question?"

"No necessity, perhaps."

"Then why do you ask?"

"For the joy of hearing you say that it did have some interest for you."

"If I thought so simple a truth would give you any pleasure I would repeat it over and over again."

"That simple truth is dearer to me than a Golconda."

Thus they talked, and thus, while conversing of Thornton's words like a skilful diplomatist, he drew her attention from those words, and she asked no more about them.

"You are an early riser, May, to be promenading at this hour," Ralph said, adroitly changing the conversation.

"I could not sleep last night, and when I have lain awake nothing refreshes me so much as an early walk."

"Could not sleep—what happy thoughts kept you awake, for they must have been happy?"

She blushed crimson, for her thoughts had never reverted from him; but she replied,

"I can scarcely say whether they were happy thoughts or no—they were melancholy; but sometimes I think that all joy must partake of sadness."

"That is a strange thought."

"Is it—have you never felt an oppression of joy so great that it weighed down the buoyancy of spirit, and assumed a sadness which yet was not grief?"

"Yes, I have and do experience a feeling akin to that, but from other causes; it has arisen from a fear that I should never be able to make the bright and beautiful being I loved, so thoroughly aware of the intensity of my adoration as to win even respect for my passion from her."

As he spoke these words he drew May very close to him, and she felt his burning, thrilling glance was fixed full upon her. She trembled like a leaf, and her cheek now flushed crimson and now paled whiter than a lily; her hand was like ice with intense excitement; but, without knowing what she did, she permitted it to

glide along Ralph's arm until it was pressed on his; but she spoke never a word.

"Do you understand me?" he said, in a just audible whisper; "Oh, May! if I thought you did and that this dear hand in mine was the answer, then, indeed, would joy be so great, so ecstatic, that the soul would bow and bend beneath its weight."

He was skilled in every art by which a woman's heart is reached, and she was young, inexperienced, brimful of poetry and sentiment. Is it to be wondered at that his words thrilled, like most enrapturing music, to her very soul? Is it a marvel that tears started to her eyes and she murmured, in a just audible voice,

"Ralph, can the love of a child like me make you so very happy?"

"Happy, May, my beloved—the ecstasy of a thousand years of bliss is concentrated into this moment."

How he longed to wind his arm about her waist, and press that pure and lovely face to his—how he longed to hold her to his heart and pour the full, burning eloquence of his soul into her ear!—but time and place alike forbade him, and for a few moments both communed with their own hearts and were still.

May was the first to speak. Looking around with an almost frightened expression, she said,

"Where are we? I had forgotten all about the distance we have walked."

Ralph looked about and smiled. "We are almost out of town," he said; "I did not think we had been together ten minutes."

"I must hurry home, or Hester will have to breakfast alone," May said.

"It is too late for you to go home; come and breakfast with Edith—we shall just be in time."

"She will be so much surprised."

"I promise you it will be a joyful surprise."

"I have a great mind to accept your invitation."

"I beseech you, do."

She hesitated, then yielded, and they retraced their steps towards the hotel where Edith resided.

#### CHAPTER X.—THE LION REARDED.

MAY HARLEY was not the only early riser that morning, for very shortly after she left the house for her walk, her father rang his bell and ordered the waiter to bring him a cup of coffee up to his dressing-room, and having partaken thereof, he too set forth on an expedition.

It was perhaps as early as half-past eight o'clock that he reached the hotel where Edith Forrester lived, and without waiting to be announced, he walked up stairs and knocked at her parlor door.

It was opened by a waiter who was engaged arranging the breakfast table.

Mr. Harley entered. "Miss Forrester has not taken breakfast as yet, I see," he remarked, as he threw himself into a large and comfortable arm-chair before the glowing fire, and drawing a *Morning Herald* from his pocket, commenced to run his eye down the columns.

"No, sir, neither Mr. nor Miss Forrester have breakfasted yet," the servant answered.

"Well, take Miss Forrester my card, and say that I await her," Harley said, and then he took up his paper again, but as soon as he found himself alone the journal dropped down upon his knees, and he sat there gazing intently into the grate, as though studying out some problem in the glowing coals.

He was aroused from his reverie by the entrance of Marie.

"Mademoiselle will be dressed presently," she said, "and begs you will excuse her for detaining you, but she is unused to such early calls."

The last clause of the sentence was entirely of Marie's own composition; she detested Mr. Harley, and took every opportunity to let him see that she did.

He did not deign to make any reply, and so the maid flounced out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

Not many minutes elapsed now before Edith came in; she was dressed in a fawn-colored morning dress, trimmed with chenille-colored silk, which being open in front, showed an exquisitely wrought skirt underneath. As usual, she was quite pale, but ravishingly beautiful.

"Good morning, Mr. Harley," she said; "you are an early visitor."

"Not too early, I trust," he replied, as he arose and with a low bow motioned her to take the seat he had occupied, while he drew up another chair for himself, thereby intimating that he desired to make some communication.

"All hours are alike to me," she answered evasively, taking the proffered chair. "Will you ring the bell, please, before you sit down?"

She was apparently as cool and indifferent as though she was speaking to some casual acquaintance.

Harley looked at her with much surprise, but obeying her behest, seated himself near her.

She moved her chair a little, so as to bring herself nearly opposite to him.

"Why do you always seek to place a distance between us?" he asked, rather petulantly.

"I like to look in the faces of those I talk with," she replied, and she let her beautiful eyes rest on his.

"Oh, indeed! Well, I have no objections."

"I am glad of that."

"Why so?"

"Because I shall not annoy you, then—for I should look into your face while you spoke whether you objected or no."

He ground his teeth, and a torrent of curses almost choked him, struggling for utterance. He calmed himself, though, by a great effort, and was about to speak when she stopped him.

"A moment," she said. "The bell will be answered instantly; let me give my orders, and then I will listen to you."

A rap at the door, and the waiter came in.

"Do not bring on breakfast until Mr. Forrester comes in," she said—"that is all."

The domestic bowed and withdrew.

"Now, Mr. Harley, your business."

How cold her words sounded!

He was disconcerted, for he had come on a mission that he knew would breed trouble, but he determined not to let her see it; so he took the poker, which was close at hand, and commenced toying with the coals in the grate.

She threw herself back in her chair, keeping her eyes fixed upon him, but with a listless stare that made him exceedingly uncomfortable.

He broke the silence that was becoming oppressive, by remarking,

"I believe, Edith, that you esteem young Mr. Marston very highly?"

"I esteem all honorable men," she answered, very pointedly.

"But what I mean is, that you have an earnest regard for Gerald, a feeling somewhat different from the respect you say you feel for all honorable men."

"By what right do you ask me such a question?" Her voice was firm, but as yet exhibited no trace of excitement.

"I am his guardian, and have his interest very much at heart."

"So much at heart, possibly, that you will never allow him to make himself miserable by becoming the husband of his cousin Hester Stanhope?"

Her tone was lower now, but all the more intense, and he felt her eyes piercing into his soul. "Did she read his secret there?" he wondered, or was she but firing random arrows in the hope that a chance one might reach him.

"He has made a solemn vow never to wed his cousin," Harley said, still toying with the coals in the grate and purposely avoiding

Edith's look; "and what is more to the purpose, has confided to me his intention of offering to you his hand and heart."

Edith listened with suspended breath to his last words, and a thrill of exquisite joy flashed through her heart. She, the poor outcast, was beloved, and that, too, by the man who realized her fondest dreams of glorious manhood. Her lips were parted, and a gleam of strange delight lingered about her entire countenance.

Harley saw that expression, and triumphed inwardly; his self-congratulations, however, were short-lived, though, for suddenly the light died out in her eyes, a deadly palor overspread her face; even her lips were hueless, and clasping both hands suddenly and quickly over her heart, she murmured, "Ah, fool, miserable fool that I am to dream even of happiness."

"What are you saying?" Harley asked, eagerly.

She did not answer him; had she spoken then she would have betrayed her secret, and from him she must conceal it for ever and for ever.

"Why don't you speak to me?" he said.

Still no answer, only the great eyes raised defiantly.

He could stand it no longer; he sprang up from his seat and approaching her he said, in a voice quivering with suppressed passion, "Edith Forrester, I have endured your taunts and your insults long enough; do you think I gave you money and position that you might squander the one and hurl defiance at me from the other? No, I needed you, and bought what I needed."

"You did not buy what you needed," Edith cried, her eyes flashing and heart heaving. "I say you did not buy what you needed; you needed a pliant, weak, willing tool to assist you in your infamous designs. Instead of that I have crossed your path, have thwarted your schemes, stung your pride to the quick, and to end all, will defeat your dearest wish."

"What do you mean?"

"Listen to me and you shall hear. You took me from poverty and wretchedness, and placed me where I am as a bait to entrap young Gerald Marston. You thought to tempt me by the prospect of an honorable marriage, as you call it, to assist you in your project of appropriating Gerald's fortune to yourself. But know that I would lie down in my grave first; know that these hands should pluck out my heart first."

"Do you say you will not wed Gerald Marston?"

"I do; I will never be the wife of living man until not a shadow of doubt rests upon my birthright."

"Ah, say you so? Suppose I tell you that I know your mother was wedded honorably to your father?"

"You do know it, of that I am certain; but give me the proof, the proof, the proof."

"If I do so will you wed with Gerald Marston?"

"Ah, you hold that proof, then."

"I did not say so."

"But I say so."

"Will you accept Gerald Marston as your husband?"

"What, that you may despoil him, as you have my poor brother and myself, never!"

Harley bent down and seized her by the arms so forcibly as to cause her intense pain, at the same time saying in a voice that came hissing through his clenched teeth, "Do you think I am going to be thwarted by a miserable brat like you? Choose between two alternatives; either become the wife of Gerald Marston or a miserable street beggar!"

"The latter a thousand times first."

"A poor, half-starved, half-frozen wretch."

"Wholly starved, wholly frozen."

"The degraded thing your mother was before you."

Up she sprang from her seat like a young tigress as he spoke these last words, and wrenching her arm from his rude grasp, she lowered down upon him with glaring eyes, and in a voice suppressed but terrible, cried, "If I had a weapon your foul tongue should never defile the air with another lie. Monster, begone! foul traducer of a dead sister, insulter of a defenceless orphan, quit my sight; quit my sight, or I know not what I may be tempted to do."

She looked like an inspired Pythoness; glowing with generous resentment, burning beneath the insult she was powerless to avenge. Harley, abashed, moved a step towards the door.

"Do you wonder that the gentle girl is transformed into a very demon?" she continued. "Man, it is your work; upon your head may God avenge the crime." She advanced upon him with outstretched hands, as though to drive him before her.

"Woman, woman," he said, "you do not know what you are doing; at my bidding the assassin's knife can reach you even here in this very room."

"Let it come; I do not dread it so much as I do your presence. Death in its most fearful form is a thousand times more welcome than life held at your beck and call."

"A word from my lips and your brother fills a felon's cell."

Her hands dropped suddenly, a trembling seized her in every limb. Harley once more had the advantage, and availed himself of it.

"Ah," he cried, "do you quail at last? Have I still one hold upon you? Speak, will you marry Gerald Marston?"

She drew back from him with averted face, shuddering, but before she could reply the door was thrown suddenly open, and Ralph entered, leading in May Harley.

Edith uttered a faint cry of relief, and dashing forward threw herself in her brother's arms, but she was brought to herself by a low whisper from Harley. "Beware," he muttered, "we are not alone." Then for the first time she became aware of May's presence, and stretching forth her hand welcomed her.

"Why, May, you are out visiting early this morning!" Harley remarked, in his usual unruffled tone. "Mamma should not let you run away at such unreasonable hours."

"It is so pleasant to walk in the early morning, papa," May said, coloring slightly, and looking studiously down upon the carpet. "I looked into the breakfast-room, and saw that you had had your coffee, so thought you would not miss me."

"How can I help missing my darling, if I fail to receive my morning kiss," he whispered, as he drew her to one side, and pressed his lips to her beautiful brow. "Will you come home with me now?"

"I have promised to take breakfast with Mr. and Miss Forrester," she answered hesitatingly.

"Oh, very well, don't let me interfere, then," and though his words were pleasant, there was at his heart a torrent of rage, that broke forth in fearful imprecations as soon as he found himself alone in the streets again.

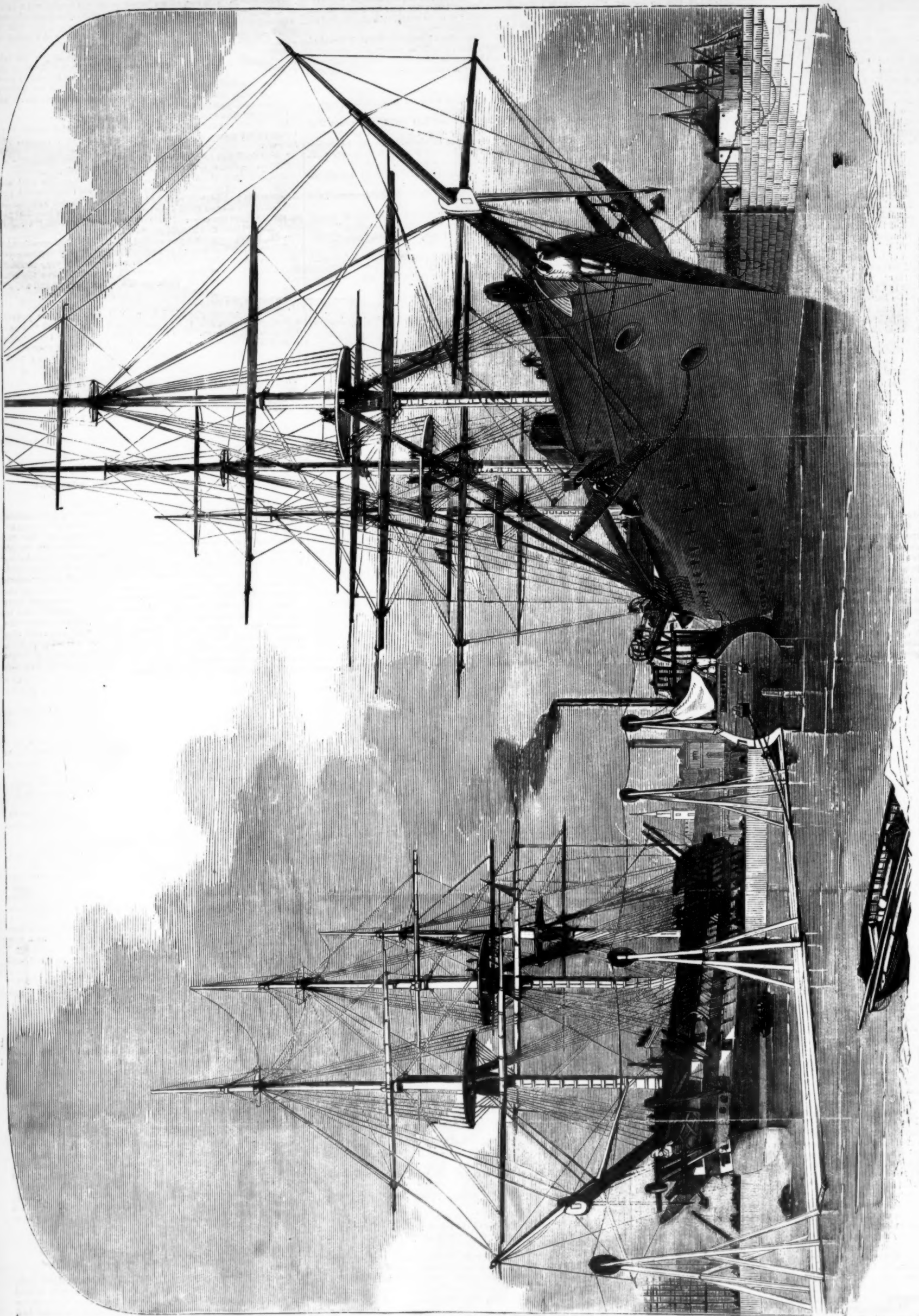
"Will she dare oppose me to the last?" he muttered, as he strode along. "Are all my plans thus to be dashed to the earth? My curses on the obstinate hussy!" Then an idea flashed upon him. "Hester," he thought; "she would sacrifice life itself to make Gerald happy. I will confide all to her; she shall plead with her rival. But it must be done at once, not a moment is to be lost, for young, impetuous, with Gerald to love is to declare his love. Yes, not a moment must be lost!" So redoubling his pace, he hastened onward towards his home.

(To be continued.)

#### Origin of April Fool.

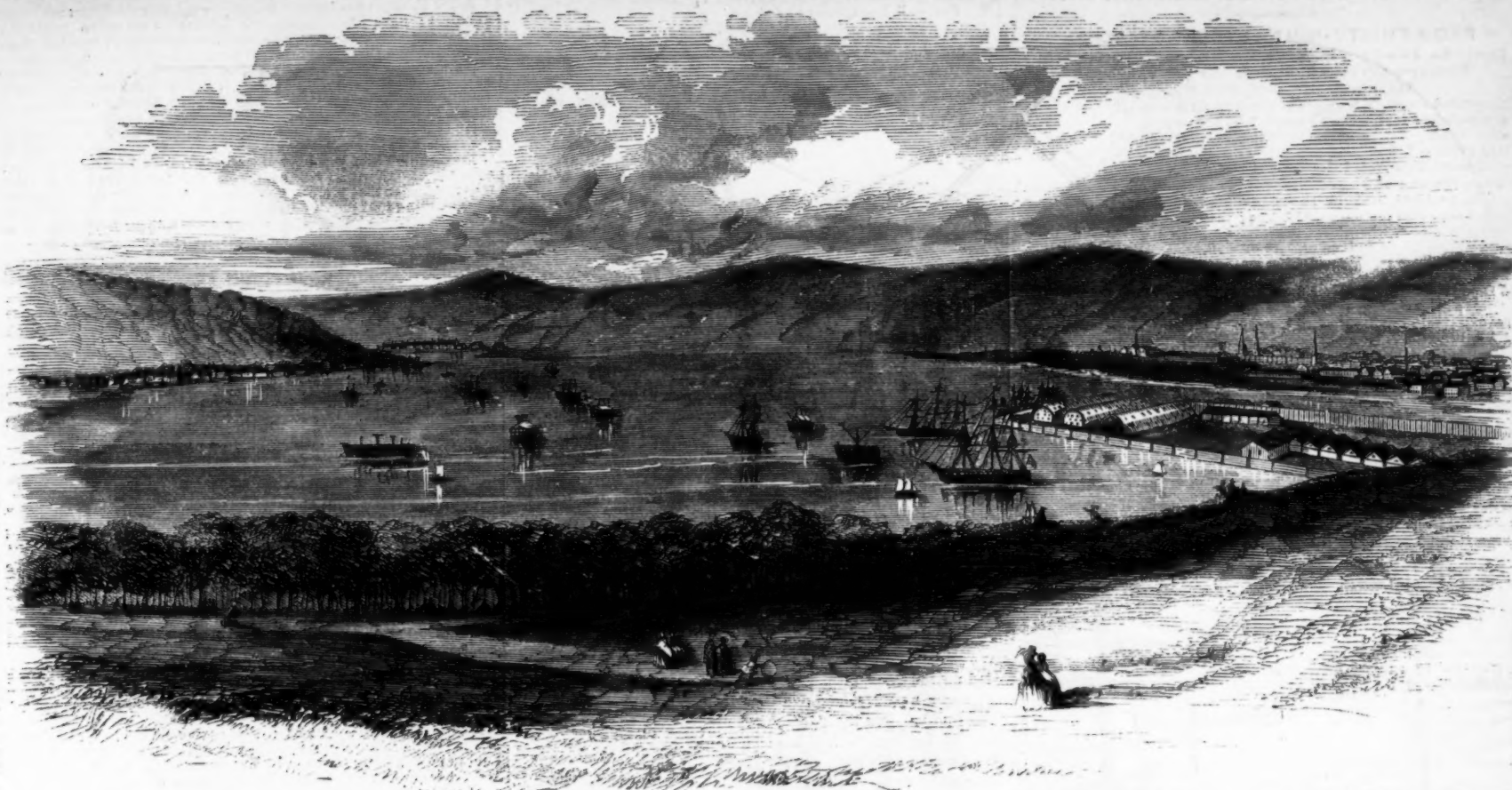
If credit may be reposed in the *Public Advertiser* for April 13th, 1769, the "wrinkle" sprung from a Hebrew root. "It is said to have begun," says the print in question, "from the mistake of Noah sending the dove out of the Ark before the water had abated, on the first day of the month, among the Hebrews, which answers to our first of April. To perpetuate the memory of this deliverance, it was thought proper, whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them by sending them upon some sleeveless errand, similar to that ineffectual message upon which the bird was sent by the Patriarch."





THE NIAGARA AND THE AGAMEMNON TAKING IN THE LAST OF THE TELEGRAPHIC CABLE IN THE KEYHAM DOCKYARD, DEVONPORT, ENGLAND.





HARBOR OF DEVONPORT (ENGLAND) AND KEYHAM DOCKYARD. THE NIAGARA AND AGAMEMNON TAKING THE LAST INSTALMENT OF THE TELEGRAPHIC CABLE ON BOARD. TAKEN FROM MOUNT WISE. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

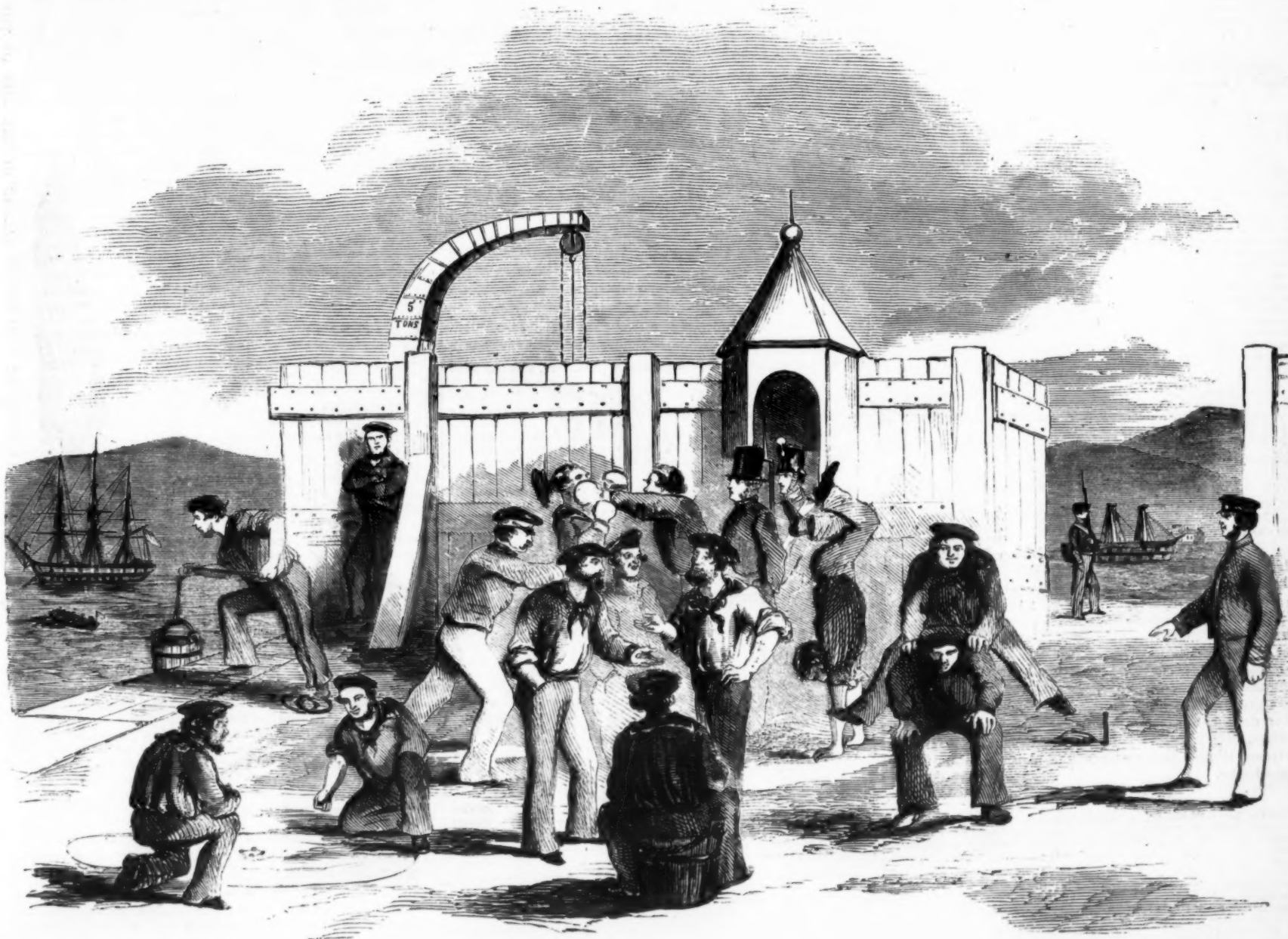
#### LAYING THE TELEGRAPH CABLE.

THE Atlantic telegraph squadron, consisting of the Niagara and of three British vessels-of-war, left the British coast for their important voyage on the 5th of June, and by the time of our publication the problem of a sub-Atlantic cable will doubtless have been solved. Our large engraving represents the two principal vessels as they lay during the month of May in Keyham Dockyard, affording a fine opportunity for comparing the two magnificent steamers. The British Agamemnon is of a totally different build from the Niagara, but is exclusively designed for a ship-of-war, and is capable of little more than twelve knots an hour under steam; while the Niagara could probably steam fourteen, but is worthless for warlike purposes. Her great length, while it gives her velocity, renders her unwieldy to the highest degree. During her stay in Keyham her crew were allowed the

use of the dockyard at night, and our own correspondent forwards us a striking sketch of their amusements after the labors of the day. The stern red coated sentry and the shiny-hatted policeman look on with evident amusement at the varied sports of their nautical cousins, while an American marine paces up and down outside, to prevent the unauthorized egress of any of the salts. A companion sketch represents the Harbor of Devonport and Keyham Dockyard.

Previously to the final sailing of the squadron an experimental cruise was made, for the purpose of testing the new apparatus for the laying of the cable, which resulted in the most satisfactory success. The vessels were absent during six days, and in that time paid out several miles of worthless cable (part of that which was raised from the portion sunk last year) in water three miles deep, and every imaginable method of splicing, hauling, &c., was fully tried. Although the cable had been injured in the process

of recovery, and was therefore expected to give much trouble, the machinery was so admirably contrived that not a "kink" took place, and it may therefore be reasonably expected that the perfect cable will be laid without difficulty, provided the vessels are overtaken by no inconvenient gales. The fortnight succeeding the 5th of June, however, has been ascertained by the experience of many years to be the calmest of the year, and as the vessels will commence their operations this time from the middle of the Atlantic, they will of course be exposed for only about seven days to dangers from the elements. Having reached a given point in the ocean, the two ends of the cable will be spliced, when the Niagara will steam away towards Newfoundland, and the Agamemnon to Valentia Bay on the Irish coast. If all goes well, we shall shortly be receiving the news from Europe several hours before the events actually occur, as the electric fluid will beat the sun by at least five hours in its circuit.



SCENE IN KEYHAM DOCKYARD. THE CREW OF THE U. S. STEAMSHIP NIAGARA AMUSING THEMSELVES AFTER THE LABORS OF THE DAY. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.



# ROUTES OF THE SWILL MILK WAGONS.

## FROM THIRTY-NINTH STREET STABLES.

Route No. 76.—June 16, Name on Wagon, E. Farley, 373  
Twenty-sixth street, on each side of the Wagon,  
Westchester County Milk Express.

Thirty-third street, 264, one can	Twenty-sixth street, 225, one can;
Twenty-eighth street, 283, one can,	224, one can
milk depot	Nineteenth street, 286
Ninth avenue, 244	Greenwich street, 596, one can,
Twenty-seventh street, 125	boarding-house

When the man who was driving the wagon found out I was following him, he drove back to Thirty-ninth street distillery and took another man into the wagon with him; they then drove down to 506 Greenwich street, where they left one can. One of the men then went into the house and got a party of men, who waited in the hall till I drove by; they were driving by they rushed out and dragged me off my horse. I managed to get away and run into a shoe store, 513 Greenwich street; they followed me into the store and beat me severely; after beating me they left the store. As soon as I could recover myself I pulled out my revolver and fired one shot after them; at that moment a policeman came up and asked me what was the matter; I told him; when he arrested one of them, who was taken before Judge Quackenbush, who discharged him.

Route No. 77.—June 17, Name on Wagon, J. Estance, 305  
Thirty-eighth street.

Hudson street, 310, 393, 21, 23	Grand street, 14, 19, 25
Twenty-seventh street, between	Thompson street, 98, 105
Tenth and Eleventh avenues,	St John's place, 13, 15
no number	York street, 4, 6, 13, 15, 17
Perry street, 157	Walker street, 6
Charles street, 161	White street, 8, doctor
Greenwich street, 454, 662	West Broadway, 67
Watt street, 99	Thomas street, 25, 27
Washington street, 389	Duane street, 153, 168
Hubert street, 17	Reade street, 80, 82
Laight street, 56	

## FROM SIXTEENTH STREET DISTILLERY.

Route No. 78.—June 18, Name on Wagon, G. W. Timm,  
On sides of Wagon, Westchester County Milk.

De Kay row, 17, 18	Grand street, 69
Fourth street, 36, 101	Broome street, 452, 459, doctor
Waverley place, 133	Marion street, 10
Downing street, 22	Mulberry street, 171
Spring street, 182	

Route No. 79.—June 19, Name on Wagon, M. Doyle, 66 Tenth  
avenue.

Twenty-fifth street, 173, 120, 221,	Thirteenth street, 28, one can,
223	grocery
Thirty-second street, 250	Bleecker street, 325
Thirtieth street, 187	Varick street, 191, 228
Twenty-sixth street, 121, 244, 246,	King street, 47
284, 221	Spring street, 270
Twenty-fourth street, 144	Vandam street, 1
Seventh avenue, 230	Houston street, 724
Twentieth street, 120, 122	Twenty-third street, 12
Sixth avenue, 234, 8	

Route No. 80.—June 20, Name on Wagon, Coyne.

Elizabeth street, 201, 205, 213,	Baxter street, 143, 149, 150, 153,
222	120
Marion street, 61, 71, 72	Bayard street, 93, 95, 97
Mulberry street, 236, 238, 240, 243	Pearl street, 189
Spring street, 35	Roosevelt street, 4, 7, 9
	Oak street, 22

Route No. 81.—June 21, Name on Wagon, Thomas.

Sixth avenue, 242	Sixth street, 90, 96, 62, 70
Third avenue, 102, 81	Fifth street, 72
East Eleventh street, 42	Fourth street, 458, 447, 443
East Ninth street, 158, 17	Third street, 48
East Eighth street, 82	Second street, 45, 48, 5
East Seventeenth street, 102	Second avenue, 32, 33
Avenue A, 89	

## ROUTES OF THE SWILL MILK WAGONS

Reported by our Detectives, and Corrected up to June 19,  
and Published in our last Edition.

Baxter street, near Park, 79, 75, 78, 81,	Morris street, 4
136, 138, 141	Moore street, 15, 11, 1
Bridge street, 23, 31	Park street, 31, 34, 37
Broome street, 492, 494	Prince street, 48, 49, 51, 53
Bowery, 284	Pearl street, 12, 51, 44, 40
Chambers street, 174, 177	Renwick street, 171, 165
Chatham street, 55, 50, 29, 19, 11	Spring street, 31, 25
City Hall place, 12	Stone street, 22, 19, 12, 8, 2
Canal street, 209, 214	West Broadway, 117
Centre street, 19, 21	William street, 99
Cross street, 29	Washington street, 7, 12, 29, 31, 51,
Centre Market place, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5	117, 102, 100, 71, 61, 63
Crosby street, 55, 57, 59	Whitehall street, 24, 50
Duane street, 22	Seventh avenue, 404
Day street, 2	Thirteenth street, between Ninth and
Elizabeth street, 180, 182, 184, 220, 222,	Tenth avenues
220, 225, 223	Sixteenth street, between Ninth and
Franklin street, 65, 16	Tenth avenues
Greenwich avenue, 13	East Sixteenth street, 21
Greenwich street, 33, 63	West Thirteenth street, 43
Hudson street, 38	West Sixteenth street, 254
Houston street, 490, 488	West Twenty-seventh street, 313
Jersey street, 4, 15	West Twenty-eighth street, 290
Leonard street, 16	West Thirtieth street, 177
Mott street, 45, 226, 217, 123, 248, 246,	South-east corner of Franklin and West
229, 219, 277, 278, 285, 187, 250, 252,	Broadway
256, 300, 302, 180, 181, 93	South-west corner of Duane and Elm
Mulberry street, 104, 106, 100, 113, 98,	streets
125, 129, 259, 267, 277, 281, 282, 284,	North-west corner of Essex and Hester
170, 181, 193	streets
Marion street, 19, 17	

## The Lafarge House and the Boston Tigers.

THAT the Committee of Reception should have chosen the Lafarge House as the home of their guests, the Boston Light Infantry, during their stay in New York, speaks highly for the capacities of the house, and also for the general excellence of its entertainment. The Lafarge House is, in fact, an A. No. 1 hotel, and has risen rapidly in the estimation of the travelling public since it has been under the proprietorship and charge of Mr. Henry Wheeler. It is not only one of the most commodious and most elegant of our city hotels, but it is one of the cleanest, coolest and most truly comfortable. It is a superb structure, and will accommodate some three hundred guests luxuriously, and might pack away two or three hundred more on an emergency. As we have said elsewhere, Mr. Wheeler entertained the Boston Light Infantry regally, and thereby fully sustained the high reputation of the Lafarge House.

**A Little too Candid.**—The American people have one virtue in excess—it is candor. Nothing phases them so much as running down their own country—among themselves. In the Senate, the other day, the following little passage of candor escaped; we hope the rivals felt all the better after it. Mr. Senator Tombs said:

"We speak of the corruptions of Mexico, of Spain, of France and of other governments, with a great deal of truth, according to all accounts; but from my experience and observation, which have been somewhat extensive, I do not believe to-day there is as corrupt a government under the heavens as that of the United States."

Mr. Hale—Nor I either.

Several other Senators—I agree to that.

## NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY, ABOVE PRINCE ST.

Farewell Engagement of  
Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,  
Supported by E. L. Davenport and the best talent in the country.  
Doors open at seven; no commence at eight.  
Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 50 cents; Upper Circle, 25 cents.

## BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—An entirely original

Moral Drama.  
Engagement of the accomplished and versatile  
Mrs. KATE DENIN RYAN,  
In JESSIE WHARTON; or, THE TRAITOR'S DAUGHTER.  
Every Evening at 7½ o'clock, and every Wednesday and Saturday After-  
noons at 3 o'clock.  
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents,  
Happy Family, &c. &c.  
Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

## WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET.

Proprietor.....Henry Wood.  
THE GREATEST ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS IN THE WORLD!  
BROWER, BUDWORTH, FOX and WHITE.  
Stage Manager.....Cylvestor Bleeker.  
Treasurer.....L. M. Winans.  
Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at  
7½ o'clock precisely.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JUNE 26, 1858.

## Our Exposure of the Swill Milk Trade—The Com- mittee of the Board of Health.

BEFORE the issue of our current number, it is more than probable that the Committee appointed by the Board of Health will have decided the case as far as they have the power, and have presented their report to that body. We shall therefore abstain from any remark upon the subject at this time, but shall keep our columns open, so that our readers may learn the result at the earliest possible moment.

We subjoin the proceedings of the last Committee meeting, reported to the New York Tribune, calling the attention of our readers to the positive and overwhelming evidence of the justice of our position, and the triumphant manner in which every assertion we have made has been sustained by credible witnesses and unimpeachable testimony.

The last meeting of the Committee to receive evidence took place at the City Hall, on Tuesday, June 15th—Aldermen Tuomey, Tucker and Reed being present.

Mr. TUCKER said—Mr. Leslie, the Committee are now ready to hear anything you have to offer.

Mr. LESLIE—Yesterday I gave the names of about a dozen witnesses to be subpoenaed, and I see only two or three of them here; however, we have some of them present and are ready to go on.

ALBERT BERGHAUS—Reside in Jersey; have visited Husted's and Wilson's distillery stables, and was perfectly astonished at the filth and nastiness of these places; the stump-tails of the animals were a new feature; never saw any stump-tailed cows before; some of the walls of the building were besmeared with manure; the air was filled with a horrid stench; the ventilation is insufficient, especially in the hot weather; am well acquainted with the proper mode of keeping cattle; some of the cows at first sight appeared tolerably healthy, but on looking close I became convinced, from the dull eyes and from other appearances, that they were sick; this was also shown by the spasmodic, short breathing, and from the convulsive moving of the flanks; the signs of sickness in cows are few, but I found all these symptoms and signs present; saw nothing but will given to these cows in the course of all my visits, until after the exposure in the paper, when on one occasion I saw some hay given; have visited the Sixteenth street stables since the exposure in Mr. Leslie's paper, and the condition as to cleanliness is much better than before; they have been somewhat cleaned up since my first visit; some of the stables have been cleaned somewhat—that is, if such a course of doing business can be called cleaning; when I went with the Committee the stables were cleaner than at any time before; saw a cow in the Sixteenth street stable with a sore on the udder; also saw a running sore on the hip of one of the cows in the Sixteenth street stables; saw two or three cows that were unable to stand alone, on account of weakness; some of the men tried to hoist them up by their tails; have seen cows in Jersey; the cows were in a horrible condition as to cleanliness; saw a cow there dressed ready for market; this stable was kept by one Martin Williams; went to this stable on several occasions, once with a party from the City Inspector's office; in all my visits never saw anything fed but swill; do not recollect exactly how many cows I saw with sores, but saw several that were sick; have always seen cows suffered to run at large, and have never seen them kept in stables, except in these swill stables.

[Here Alderman Tuomey dictated questions for Smith to ask the witness, about how the city of London is supplied with milk, but the witness knew nothing about it.]

Am acquainted with the mode of keeping cows in Germany; they never feed swill exclusively; cows are not closely confined; am one of Mr. Leslie's artists; the sketches I took are as correct as possible; they of course only give an idea of the thing, but are as faithful as it is possible to make them; have not examined any dairies in the State of New York, or any cow stables, except the swill stables; should judge from the appearance that all the cows I saw had been fed only on swill.

CRAMER VERNAM, Brooklyn—Visited Johnson's stables, in Sixteenth street, some years ago; went up there on business; saw many cows there; a few (from five to ten) were in an adjoining vacant lot; saw a cow in the lot with a man on each side of her holding her up, and another man milking her; they were milking the cow into a pail; can't swear that the cow belonged to Mr. Johnson.

DAVID R. HUTCHISON—Used to live near the Sixteenth street stables, and have visited them; there was much prejudice against them a number of years ago on account of the smell, and meetings of the neighbors were held to petition the Common Council to abate the nuisance; have seen a diseased cow milked in that stable; she had a diseased udder; she had a running sore, and the corruption from the sore was running into the pail; this I saw; never saw any cows held up to be milked; in those days the proprietors always expected our visits, and prepared and cleaned up the stables for us; saw the sick cow I mention once when I went alone; there was much excitement about the matter then, and the stables were kept in very good order in anticipation of visits; the smell was considered by the neighbors as very unhealthy, and it was exceedingly unpleasant; the cow with the sore udder appeared in a tolerably good condition otherwise, so far as I could see, though I am not a judge of cows; lived at that time at No. 231 Fourteenth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues.

JAMES ODELL, Fifty-first street—Saw a number of poor cows driven from the Sixteenth street stables a few weeks ago; do not prefer swill-fed beef to stall-fed; have seen beef from swill stables that I would not eat; have been in the swill stables often; have seen swill-fed cattle that looked tolerably well; have been a butcher thirty-two years, and have often killed swill-fed cattle; some of the beef is good, but some of it is very bad; the swill stable cows sometimes compare favorably with country-fed cattle, but not if they were fed entirely on swill; have been in swill stables probably a thousand times, and have seen the cows sometimes fed hay and sometimes meal—Indian meal and oil meal; the droves of cows I saw, which I supposed came from the Sixteenth street stables, looked, some of them, very weak and sick.

WARREN LELAND, Metropolitan Hotel—Country cows are not kept in the stables as the swill cows are; I have a farm; I keep forty-six cows; they are kept in the pasture in the day and the stable at night; never lost any of them by the cow distemper; never knew anybody in the country to shut up cows all the time; my cows are turned out every day in the year; the milk I use exclusively for my own hotel, the Metropolitan.

JOHN N. GENIN—Resided for nine years near the Sixteenth street distillery; have often visited the stables; have often taken my friends there to show them as a curiosity the stables; consider them perfectly filthy; had always to close the windows in my house when the wind blew from the stables, the stench was so offensive; have seen cows there afflicted with, I should have supposed, every variety of disease; the cows looked no more like the country cows than a sick man in the hospital looks like a healthy man; lived there at the time of the last fire in the stables; have been through the stalls a hundred different times; the cows appeared as sick as if they would die if you blew them with a good hard breath; have seen cows there with sores on them; have seen them with short tails; consider that there is no question about their unhealthiness, and the thing that puzzles me now is, that a business man should be made to leave his business to testify on a subject that must be so perfectly plain and transparent to every one.

Here Mr. LESLIE submitted the subpoenaed affidavit:

Mr. E. A. LEROY, of No. 91 East Twelfth street, swears to the following statement:

About the middle of May, 1858, I became aware that my family was supplied with milk by a man of the name of Lyster, who, according to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER, supplied his customers with swill milk. Lyster was spoken to, and refused to give any information as to the quality of his milk. My child, eighteen months old, living almost entirely on milk, as soon as the warm weather commenced was taken with a violent diarrhea, which kept increasing, and refused to yield to ordinary remedies. Upon discovering the fact that I was supplied with swill milk, I gave directions that no more milk should be given to the child, and from that moment the diarrhea ceased, and the child got well. In my own mind, and in that of the doctor who was in attendance, there was no doubt of the fact that the sickness was caused by the quality of the milk, taken in connection with the change in the atmosphere.

E. A. LEROY, Jr., No. 91 East Twelfth street.

Sworn to on the 14th day of June, before J. B. Wakeman, Commissioner of Deeds, No. 59 Fulton street.

A similar affidavit, sworn to by Mrs. S. B. SHINDLES, respecting a child of hers, was also handed in by Mr. Leslie.

Alderman TUCKER then announced that the Committee would receive and consider any affidavits that Mr. Leslie might choose to hand in.

Mr. LESLIE then expressed a desire to ask one or two questions of Mr. Smith, the Superintendent of Mr. Johnson's swillery.

Mr. SMITH declared himself willing to answer.

Mr. LESLIE then asked if it was true that the family of Mr. Johnson and his own family were supplied with milk from a private cow, kept away from the distillery, and fed on grain, hay and other proper food that the distillery cows do not get?

Mr. SMITH replied—About one year ago or more, Mr. Johnson did direct me to put a cow into the horse stable and have a man attend to it, and bring the milk to his house, and it was done, and for a short time the same milk was also brought to my house.

Alderman TUOMEY then declared the Committee adjourned sine die.

The report will probably be made at the next regular meeting of the Board of Health.

## American Outrages.

EVERY now and then the proceedings of our authorities painfully remind us how entirely at their caprice are our rights and privileges as freemen. For perfect disregard of constitutional law and personal rights we are on a par with Turkey fifty years ago, and France and Naples at this moment. Indeed, it would not be going too far to say, that in no country is there less security for liberty and property than in our great and glorious city of New York. No man, however upright, can rise in the morning perfectly sure that he will be allowed to receive his letters, or that he may not sleep in the Tombs without any fault on his part; for some officious Mayor may choose to seize his correspondence and answer it himself; or he may unfortunately witness a murder, burglary or petty larceny, and be locked up to give testimony on a trial that may never take place; or, if it does, be tried over and over again till the witnesses are worried into their graves. There are instances of murderers being at large on bail while the unhappy witnesses are confined in a felon's cell.

We are as anxious as any one to put an end to all bogus schemes, lotteries and gift enterprises; but we must not allow even the laudable attempt to suppress these evils to be made the excuse for an infinitely greater outrage upon our citizens one which may form the precedent for a system which will practically abolish all personal liberty.

We will suppose that some mean fellow has a hatred against another man who is in business. He informs the Mayor of his suspicions that Jones is carrying on an equivocal correspondence. The curious official rushes to Mr. Fowler, who, forgetful of his duty to the public, hands over the letters which have been entrusted to the honor of the country, for a certain consideration, to deliver to their rightful owner, the party to whom they are addressed. We conceive that it is a breach of law, morals and our constitution to give any one letters intended for another. Jones goes to the Mayor and tells him that he has reason to believe that Smith is carrying on a wholesale correspondence with grass widows, for the purpose of swindling them out of their virtue by a pretended matrimonial scale. Smith's letters are, therefore, handed over to a man who has no more right to commit such an outrage on the inviolability of correspondence than he has to pick Smith's pocket of his purse and watch!

Sir James Graham rendered himself infamous for ever for merely opening Mazzini's letters, and taking a copy of some of them; he never dared, however, to stop them or to hand them over to any one else. He dared not venture on such lengths, although his informant was a king and the victim of his curiosity a poor exile! We all know that although Englishmen hate revolution, anarchy and assassination as much as any men living, and Mazzini was playing that grand gift scheme when his letters were subject to espionage, yet this outrage roused Great Britain from one end to the other, and the letter-prying rascal was driven from power, and there is no public man more odious even now than he is in consequence of that dastardly attempt.

We feel sure that, great as the evil is of these gift schemes, the remedy invented by Mayor Tiemann is infinitely worse than the disease, and that if the public allow their personal rights to be thus openly violated at the option of an irresponsible authority, there is no knowing what the end may be.

The Post Office is an institution which, under all circumstances, should be held sacred, and upon no pretence whatever ought the letters addressed to one citizen to be handed over to another, even though that person were the President himself.

If this method is the only one at present calculated to suppress these lotteries and bogus affairs, let some law be made to meet the exigency, but we protest against this tampering with that sacred institution, the Post Office. We want no Sir James Grahams in America.

## What the Lawyers are Doing for Justice.

We are old-fashioned enough to believe that the ancient law-framers contemplated in their labors the protection of the innocent and the punishment of the guilty. This was the intention of laws and enactments in old-fashioned times, but we moderns, the advanced wisdom of an advanced age, take a different view of the purposes for which laws are made. We very justly consider that the guilty man has necessarily a very poor chance for de-



fence, while the innocent, strong in the right, with justice on his side, is a vast deal too secure for the practical purposes of the law. Therefore, we—that is, our lawyers—construe all laws as means for confounding the innocent and protecting the guilty. It is a patent fact that witnesses for the prosecution are the parties who are really on trial, and not the defendant. Our lawyers are the great philanthropists of the age. What benevolence can equal that of our District Attorneys, who with thousands of criminal cases which their public duty calls them to prosecute, prefer, from motives of Godlike charity, to let the indictments slide out of memory and the criminals escape, while they themselves attend to their own private lucrative professions? These are the true philanthropists!

But in the Hon. Mr. Ashmead the criminal finds a still more active and benevolent friend. He holds out the hope, if not the certainty, of perfect immunity to the highest criminals. Through his benevolent researches the murderer finds a haven of security. It matters not how hardened and bloody a villain he may be; it matters not that he may have been tried before a jury, found guilty by them, and condemned by the Judge to death; Mr. Ashmead has hunted up an old law that enables the condemned criminal to demand a new trial—which means the gaining of time to frustrate the ends of justice. It must be remembered that the defendant has everything to gain, the prosecutor nothing. Time gained insures public apathy to the case, careless security to the prosecution; while to the defendant it is life, by entrapping witnesses, packing jury-boxes, and the thousand means of corrupt influence that large cities offer, and time puts into the hands of unscrupulous advocates.

This new immunity for evildoers is a precedent so dangerous, that we can only contemplate it with terror. Crime has run riot in our midst in the broad daylight, and though our civil authorities are too weak, corrupt and inefficient to prevent it, we have had the remote and faint consolation that it could be punished if conviction ensued, and the Governor did not step in between justice and the criminal. But under the new state of things, while we cannot hope that fewer atrocious crimes will be committed in our cities, we see no possibility of punishment following the act.

The protection of the law has become a farce—the prostitution of its dispensers is becoming a by-word. If some radical change is not soon effected, criminals only will seek the aid of the law, conscious that in it they will find a sure refuge from punishment and a sanctuary for villainy.

### The Administration of Criminal Law.

THE first step in the decline of a nation is the corruption of its judiciary and the denial of justice to poverty; the most oppressive of tyrannies is a corrupt police. If these propositions be true—and who will deny them?—then we, as a nation, must begin to date our decadence.

We assert, without fear of denial, that no European people under the most absolute monarchy suffers so galling a tyranny as we, free and independent, submit to at the hands of our police and ministers of the law. It is a common admission on every side that law and justice are not synonymous; it is an openly expressed fact, which every lawyer will admit, that no reliance can be placed on juries, and that each counsel has his favorite judge, before whom he will always bring his case when within the bounds of possibility. An honest lawyer will tell his client not to enter a suit against some particular party. "He has too much money for you," or, in other words, he can buy up the court. When do we ever hear of a violator of criminal law punished while he is the possessor of money? We can point to numberless instances in our midst. It is the new hand in crime, or the guiltless, who are punished. We say the guiltless, for under our system the accusation is equally as bad to the innocent as to the guilty; the arrest, the examination, the publication are the same in both, and unless by a special appeal to the newspapers, no refutation of a false charge ever meets the public eye.

The old and practiced rogue is known personally to what is called the Detective Police, said branch of the service being a body of men apparently chosen for their stupidity and utter absence of all the qualifications necessary to their profession. They of a necessity must become acquainted with the *poisson* of all professional rogues; they meet them in the streets, gossip with them, drink with them, joke with them, and chaff them about "that last little affair," and kindly warn them not to do business too openly. In spite of warnings, one of the gentry does do business a little too openly, and the result is that his friend the detective is obliged, in self-defence, to arrest him. No sooner is this the case than the hive is in a buzz; there is no lack of sympathizers, no lack of officials standing ready to let his pal know the situation of their friend. The professional rogue is rarely deserted by his brethren; he is perhaps too valuable a man to be easily surrendered, or knows too much of them that they should dare risk desertion. The result is that counsel is procured—no Tombs slysters, but the best man to be had for money; bail is brought, and the gentleman is again at liberty, after, perhaps, a detention of six or eight hours. After this the course is clear: the complainant must be bought or bullied off; the Grand Jury must be managed; anything must be done rather than come to trial—the last step being to forfeit bail, and air his reputation for a few months, until the affair blows over. This, however, is not the gentleman's object. He does not wish to leave the locality; all his business associations are here. The mere forfeiture of the bail is nothing. Who ever heard of a bail-bond forfeited prosecuted to recovery? If only one-tenth met with this end, the criminal court coffers would swell with countless wealth. All regular rogues know that entering bail is equivalent to a settlement of the charge. It is the new rogue or the poor rogue who suffers—he who is pulled for stealing a few dollars, and locked up at sight until it suits the complainant to come forward. Bail is impossible; the poor rogue therefore goes below until it pleases the powers that be to bring him up for trial. There is nobody to make inquiry for the poor rogue. After a lapse of two or perhaps three months, he is arraigned, and if the complainant has not forgotten—or, what is more unlikely, softened in this time—the poor rogue is packed to penitentiary or State prison without much delay. Serves him right for being poor.

It was such administration of justice as this which brought about the French Revolution. It is the corrupt administration of justice which invariably ushers in bloodshed. Let us not be arrogant in our prosperity, and refuse to take counsel by the example held up to us by other nations. Because abuses are within our reach by the bail-box, it does not follow that they will be corrected. This is one that must be reached, and that speedily, whether it be by ballot or bludgeon. We believe that our people have had quite enough of the inanity of corrupt magistrates and bought officials, and if justice is not accorded them, in some moment of popular fury and indignation they will, by the strong arm, sweep out these Augean stables, and attempt by a direct means the administration of justice honestly.

### Editorial Gossip.

JUNE has conducted herself in a manner so entirely unbecoming her name and her position in the calendar, that we are disgusted with her beyond measure. She is young, we are aware that she is young; but if she did not know how to behave herself with propriety, why not ask the advice of 1857 Christian Junes which have preceded her! Perhaps she is like most young people, too proud and self-reliant; but if she knew how her reputation suffers by comparison, or how contemptuously she is mentioned in consequence of her moody, cloudy, capricious conduct, she would regret not having taken friendly advice in time. She is the "leafy darling" of the poets; and although she is this moment looking over our shoulder with a sunny smile, chequered by a flickering frown, half chiding us for our ungallant condemnation, we are obstinate, and must say that Miss June has been a very naughty girl, and will have to take home quite a number of black marks. We will not attempt to recount how many pleasant gatherings she has broken up, how many excursions nipped in the bud, but we will say that her reception of our honored guests, the Boston Light Infantry, was shameful, positively shameful—crying all day long, and still crying, and never using a bit of a pocket handkerchief to dry up her tears before they fell to the ground. O June, June, you'll have to change your conduct greatly before you can be reinstated as the poets' "leafy darling."

There was a pleasant and enthusiastic gathering of military notabilities at the armory of the City Guard on Broadway, on Monday evening, June 14th. The occasion was the fiftieth anniversary of the formation of our pet volunteer company, which was then known as the Pulaski Guard. After a very bountiful cheer, and a fair sprinkling of that inspiring elixir champagne, the regular toasts followed, to one of which Mr. Alexander Henriquez, upon whom was conferred the distinguished honor of being the orator of the evening, replied in a very animated and eloquent speech, in which he gave a detailed and most interesting history of the company during the whole period of its existence, from its formation fifty years ago until it incorporated with the Pulaski Guards a small body called the City Guard, and adopted its name, up to the present, when it presents a brilliant instance of success, accomplished by brotherly union, strong will and ungrudging liberality. Mr. Henriquez's address was really eloquent, and was received by the large party assembled with the most vociferous cheering and hearty and enthusiastic applause. Many tributes of love and respect were paid to the memory of their former commander, Captain McArdle. Their late commander, Captain Le Bau came in deservedly for his share of affectionate and cordial mention. He responded in a strain of glowing eloquence, which enchained the ardent and excited audience in profound silence, save when the applause burst forth involuntarily. Other speeches followed, the utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed, and the company separated at an early hour, deeply gratified by the pleasant evening they had passed.

Our friends of the Hoboken Model Yacht Club held their annual regatta on the 7th inst. The club made a capital show, ten boats having been entered for the race. The day was beautiful for every purpose but yachting. There was very little wind, so that it was rather a drifting trial than a race. Still the yachtsmen displayed much spirit, and put the best possible race upon a very despicable matter. The prizes were gold medals, and were won by the Alice, first class; the C. V. Chickner, second class; and the Isaac Walton, third class. The Judges were W. W. Shippen, E. R. Morton and William T. Cushing.

The annual communication of the M. W. Grand Lodge of F. A. Masons, of the State of New York, which was held in this city during the first week in June, was memorable from the fact that the differences which have so long existed in this otherwise united and honorable body have been happily healed, and presents once more an undivided front. This much desired union has been effected without any compromise of dignity on either side, and the annual communication of June, 1858, will be long remembered as a bright spot in our masonic history.

We are pleased to notice any new enterprise in the world of art. We learn that a magnificent view of the front of Cologne Cathedral is shortly to be published in Boston. A German architect, Mr. Paul Schultze, has undertaken the task. Neglected in his own country on account of the great attendant expense, he has executed a perspective view, including the two great towers (each 550 feet in height), upon a stone larger than any before used in this country. The engraving will measure about twenty-six inches by thirty-four.

### SWILL MILK COMMITTEE.

THE following communication is from the pen of an aged and eminent physician, who has studied the subject deeply. His opinion will be read with interest—ED. FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

The powerful and diversified interests operating against an unfavorable report by the Committee engaged in the swill milk investigation, and the apparent leading towards those interests displayed by some of the members of that Committee, it is feared may triumph over present opposition and all legal enactments against a nefarious and adulterated traffic.

Millions of dollars are invested in the profitable imposition of vending swill milk; this is a sacrifice of health, particularly in the days of infancy, on the altar of cupidity. Among its interested advocates and defenders, are distillers of alcoholic poisons—next in order, the wholesale owners of cows, diseased and otherwise—directly in their rear are the cartmen or retail vendors of the spurious article; such an accumulation of interests combined in one cause, and that cause the accumulation of wealth at all hazards, it is scarcely a matter of surprise that the ears of aldermen, and even medical men, should be closed to the disclosure of those common-sense truths, at the revelation of which honest integrity shrinks back aghast, and the crimsoned blood rushes to the cheeks of hardened and pallid shame.

It needs no elaborate argument to prove that whatever enters the stomach of the cow forms, ultimately, a portion of her milk; the simple fact that garlic, mingled with the grassy food of the animal, imparts to her milk a smell and taste that cannot be eradicated, affords evidence, incontrovertible, of the fact.

The next question to be answered is, whether or not the swill from distilleries is highly unwholesome?

Setting aside its alcoholic elements, it has none other; the farinaceous and glutinous properties of the grain have passed away, in distillation, into the alcoholic compound that is destined to be worn broadcast upon society under the names of gin, imported brandy, New England rum, &c.; all that remains of nourishment in the swill is a residuum of alcohol.

Reasoning from analogy, we find that alcohol first excites and ultimately destroys the nervous system; that the coats of the stomach become ulcerated and softened by its constant use; that the appetite fails, health diminishes, the liver becomes highly diseased; the brain not unfrequently becomes like the stomach, softened, and an idiopathic death closes the scene.

If these are the effects of alcohol on man, even under the administration of nourishing food, what must be its effect on the cow in the absence of all other nourishment? The reply is written in indelible characters on the portals of violated nature—low fever and decomposition of the fluids and solids of the system.

Nature has laid down special laws for the government of her creatures; there is one universal in its application—that animal health cannot be maintained without air and exercise; nor can cows tied up by dozens in close proximity, with no adequate exercise, breathing and re-breathing an atmosphere charged with carbonic animal effluvia, and fed upon the refuse of alcoholic distillation, escape disease—or Nature must reverse her laws and her order, trample upon her institutions and remould her creation.

The solids are deposited and formed by the fluids of the system; one cannot be diseased and the other escape.

If milk from cows suffering under a leath-ome and ulcerated disease, an actual loughing off of the solids, is not injurious to infantile health, the precautions against butchers for selling diseased meat are cruel and unjust—for the latter is not more pernicious than the former.

Should the Love-Lighting Committee, swayed by interests of any description, frame a report favorable to the swill milk operators, we can but hope that a power which no combination of selfish interests can resist—that of the people—will set aside the ineffectual verdict, a *ad act* with business and determination, as husbands and fathers, in abolishing a traffic which, in its thirst for gain, strikes at the prostitution of health, the generation of disease, and a premature and early grave.

Human life is of greater value in our land than in any other on the globe; its preservation (politically) is a solemn public duty; its private value can only be forcibly appreciated by those who have seen their off-spring wither and pine away, like blighted flowers in the wilderness, sinking from a cause beyond the reach of the physician, and unrevealed to them, but now disclosed—*alcoholic, swill-fed milk!*

### LITERATURE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON, by E. J. TRELAWAY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The title of this book is one calculated alone to procure for it a large circle of readers, and to secure for the author a kind of reputation, as being the admitted intimate companion—we will not say friend—of two such eminent men as Byron and Shelley. But a glance through its pages will forbid any one envying the reputation which Mr. Trelawny will achieve by parading this intimacy to the world—an intimacy of which he should have been proud, for it was surely a privilege accorded to him more from accident of position than from equality or sympathy of mind, but which he has used to link his name with theirs, and while he lays bare their every foible, exhibits his own meanness and untrustworthiness in such glaring colors that they will for ever be pointed at as evidences, not only of bad taste, but of a bad heart.

Henceforth Shelley a misanthropic, pining hero, full of all the small evidences of greatness which Mr. Trelawny could appreciate. He endeavors to do him justice, but the reader shall learn more of the true character of Shelley from what Trelawny does not say than from what he does say. Of the two poets Shelley was undoubtedly his favorite; there was probably nothing in the gentle, unobtrusive character of Shelley to offend his self-love. Shelley possibly envied him without a murmur, while the haughty and irritable Byron could ill brook the everlasting platitudes which the constant association with Trelawny must have inflicted upon him; and doubtless caused their relative positions, mentally considered, to be keenly felt, and thereby wounded past forgetfulness the *amour propre* of the man who would be intimate with a live poet. In this morbid spirit he exhibits Byron as the incarnation of human weakness, meanness and malice. The few virtues he allows him the seeming of, he attributes to admirable acting—in short, the Byron of Trelawny is too mean even for a common villain. But he is not content with rendering the mental and moral character of Byron contemptible, he parades before the world that deformity which was ever a bitter thought to the great poet, and has been particularly to describe its full extent with savage condensation, and to add another deformed and shrivelled leg to the one that the world was partially cognizant of. Indeed, the world supposed that Byron's lameness arose from an accident which contracted the sinews of one foot; but his good and intimate friend, Trelawny, could not suffer the world to think better of the dead poet than he deserved, so he lifted the sheet from the dead man's limbs, and told the world what he saw or says he saw. All that remained of the great poet, lying dead in a foreign land, should have been sacred to a friend. If it was as he states it to be, knowing, as he must have known, the morbid sensitiveness which induced Byron to endeavor to hide the little outward evidence of his deformity which appeared even from his most intimate friends, it was, as every honorable mind will admit without hesitation, his solemn duty to keep the knowledge which he had gained, by prying under the very curtains of death, secret to himself forever. But he who could scrutinize the inanimate form on the wall-board to find materials for gossip for the world's scandal, is one whose sense of moral responsibility we do not care to characterize.

The book is written with the fluency of a well-educated man and one used to good society, and the actual circumstances of the last days of two of England's great poets cannot fail to interest many; but the cold-heartedness a parent throughout the whole work will disgust the reflecting reader. The volume is brought out in that style of excellence which distinguishes the publications of Ticknor & Fields.

THE POLYGLINGUAL JOURNAL: A Magazine in Five Languages—French, Spanish, Italian, German and English.

This magazine is designed to afford, in a cheap and convenient form, important facilities for learning the French, Italian, Spanish and German languages. The editor, Hiram C. Sparks, whose opportunities for acquiring a practical knowledge of the principal languages of Europe have been most favorable, has, during a period of more than fifteen years, directed his attention to improvements in teaching the modern languages. He has travelled extensively through Europe; has visited all the seats of learning; studied the peculiarities of their several methods of teaching; and the practical results of his observations will appear in the numbers of the *Polygluing Journal*. The same text is given in French, Spanish, Italian and German, arranged side by side in paragraphs almost line for line, so that the greatest facilities are afforded for comparing the analysis in the various languages. This plan is followed in the most distinguished German universities with marked success.

The plan of the work is admirable, and it will be found perfectly invaluable in schools and colleges, and the private student will find it of inestimable value, and will derive assistance from its columns to a far greater extent than he would suppose possible. It will be found to smooth many difficulties, and greatly lessen the labor of learning the several languages. The outlines, grammar and pronouncing tables for the four languages, French, Spanish, Italian and German, to be found in the supplement to this really valuable magazine, are very important features in the plan, and add, in the highest degree, to its perfection.

The *Polygluing Journal* was commenced last August as a quarterly at the subscription price of \$2 per annum, but its success has been so decided a character that Professor Sparks, the able editor and proprietor, at the suggestion of a large portion of his subscribers, contemplates issuing it in monthly parts. This is an excellent and desirable movement, as it will greatly increase its sphere of usefulness, and will also, we are sure, vastly increase its subscription list. We commend the *Polygluing Journal* to our readers; it is all that we have described it, and is eminently deserving of the liberal support of the large class to which it is addressed. It is published by Professor Sparks at 336 Broadway, where subscriptions are received.

MARY DERWENT. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS.

This new novel will greatly enhance the already brilliant reputation of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. As a writer Mrs. Stephens stands at the very head of the female novelists of America, and, indeed, she soars far above all competitors of her own sex, and disputes successfully with the strongest writers of the sterner gender. She is certainly a remarkable woman, and each new work gives additional evidence of force and vigor of character and imagination.

The scene of the work is laid in the valley of Wyoming at the time of the massacre, in itself one of the most exciting incidents of the Revolution, and about this thrilling subject Mrs. Stephens has woven a story so thrilling and beautiful, that from the first page to the last the reader's attention is fascinated by a spell which he has no power to resist. The original plot of the story was published some sixteen years since, and gained the largest prize ever offered for a magazine tale, serving at the same time as the groundwork of Mrs. Stephens' present popularity. But that story forms only a small portion of the novel, altered and improved by mature judgment and power.

The characters are drawn with that force and clearness which gives reality to fiction, dwelling upon the mind with vivid distinctness. The gentle, hunchbacked girl, the haughty Catharine Montour, the iron-hearted Queen Esther, and the quaint old maid, Polly Carrier, are living personages to the reader. The principal fault we can find with the book is its continued excitement, and the action is so rapid that one has scarcely time to breathe. But this is to a certain extent obviated by the story of Catharine Montour, which gives the strong contrast of civilized luxurious life with the wildness of frontier experience.

### MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—The star of Gazzaniga is high in the ascendant. We can say, without straining the truth, that he grows every day more popular, and that every character she undertakes affords new evidence of that glowing and impulsive genius which forms the peculiar attraction, which all acknowledge who come within the charm of her representations.

SIGISMUND THALBERG.—We understand that Thalberg, the master spirit of the pianoforte, is about to leave for Europe immediately. Madame Thalberg arrived here recently, and the intelligence of which she is the bearer will compel the great pianist to return forthwith. His departure will be regretted everywhere; never was an artist so popular, and never were esteem and popularity more fully deserved.

COLONEL JAMES PIPES, OF PIPESVILLE.—We have had numerous inquiries as to who Colonel James Pipes, of Pipesville, is, but we have made up our mind to reserve our information. The weather is too hot for revelations, and many of our readers, the ladies especially, would hardly survive the disclosure. We will, however, unbind so far from our reserve as to say that he is a migratory Admirable Crichton, vocally, poetically, musically, literary, eleventh-hour and anecdotal; and that he has delighted all the rest of the world, and that, having fallen from some lucky star upon our shores, has concluded to delight us as soon as the warm weather has abated.

### DRAMA.

BARNEUM'S MUSEUM.—This excellent Museum, full of curiosities, is now one of the coolest resorts in New York—it has amusement for all ages and dispositions, and for the dramatically inclined there is the Lecture-room, where a constant supply of new dramas on subjects of local interest are put on the stage with excellent taste and very well acted.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS.—The over-thoughtful manager has, at a considerable outlay, invented a plan to obviate the trifling inconvenience of waiting at the box offices to purchase tickets, by coining a number of silver medals, which can be purchased during the day at some of the principal stores in New York; these admit on presentation to the doorkeeper, without any delay, and, as they are of equal value to the American quarter and are taken at many stores for that amount, even if not used, are good for what they cost, namely, twenty-five cents. The Panorama of the Hudson is a complete success, and as good as a voyage up the river.

NIGHT GARDEN.—The Ravens are gone! They closed last Saturday the most remarkable career ever achieved by one family.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.—This eminent American tragedienne commenced a short engagement on Monday as Queen Katherine. It is her intention to personate some of her chief characters previous to her departure for England. We must postpone till next week a more lengthy notice.

A PLEASANT SAIL.—The sun has at length fairly set up in business for the summer, and New York is melting away before him like ice cream before a schoolboy. The city is out of town; and those who are unable to make a complete exodus are looking anxiously around for some temporary cool retreat. To such we can recommend a trip to Bridgeport, which can be reached by the steamer of that name, Capt. Weeks, sailing every alternate day. A pleasant and cheaper excursion could scarcely be made. The fare is only 50 cents.





GOVERNESS, WINNER OF THE OAKS.

## GOVERNESS AND BEADSMAN,

The Winners of the Derby and the Oaks Stakes at Epsom Races, England.

We engrave portraits of the two most popular animals in Europe, the winners of the Oaks and Derby. The love of the English people for horseracing is proverbial; indeed, it rules perhaps supreme among their many out-door amusements. On the Derby Day all London streams out to Epsom, a distance of twenty miles, and dukes, marquises, gentry, shopkeepers, gipsies and pickpockets, mingle together on a footing of complete equality and perfect good humor. Although several hundred thousand persons are generally assembled, disturbances very rarely take place, and a comparatively small force of police suffice to maintain order and quiet. On the 19th of May this vast assemblage was gathered at Epsom, in expectation of a race at which twenty-three horses were to run, and it is probable that not less than \$10,000,000 were staked in bets upon the result. The Prime Minister of England alone is said to have had \$25,000 dependent upon the success of his famous horse, Toxophilite. Beadsman, however, won the race, and a large sum for his owner, Sir Joseph Hawley. He is a dark-brown horse, about fifteen hands high, very lithe and graceful in his build, with unusually powerful limbs.

Toxophilite, Lord Derby's horse, was second best, and after

him Hadji. At starting the bets on the favorite racers were four to one on Toxophilite, eight to one on Beadsman, and nine to one on Fitzroland. The race was only won by a neck, and the odds against the third horse (Hadji) had been twenty to one. It is remarkable that Beadsman, the winner, missed exclusion from the race only by the revival of an obsolete rule. On being weighed at the last moment, his jockey was found too light by a pound, when he claimed that the *bridle* should be thrown in as a makeweight. This claim was found consistent with the rules of the Turf, and it secured the triumph for Sir Joseph Hawley.

Such importance is attached to this race by the people of England, that the Imperial Parliament actually adjourns annually for the "Derby Day."

Governess, the fair winner of the Oaks, another great race coming off immediately after the Derby, is a flat-sided, ordinary-looking mare, of more than sixteen hands in height. She had scarcely been heard of before this triumph; and indeed it is remarkable that, of all the thousand predictions made on different races, scarcely any are ever found correct. No one anticipated the triumph of Beadsman.

A FEELING REPLY.—Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages, to which he replied: "No, sir; one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

## THE CANGEMI TRIAL.

THE present time in New York city may be termed an era of murder trials; our courts are embarrassed by them to the exclusion of all other interests—a fearful comment upon the growing indifference of brutal men for the restraints of the law. We acknowledge no sympathy with that mawkish sentimentality that denounces the death penalty for killing a human being; we think the mercy that is displayed to the homicide is injury to the innocent thousands who compose the community in which the wrong we complain of is committed. In alluding to the Cangemi case, it is not because of "the delays" that have been accomplished by "learned counsel," but because of the extraordinary circumstances that have been developed upon the different trials which have been held, and because of the moral influence which this trial will work upon future cases, a bad one in our estimation, because it will fortify the opposition against capital punishment, and thus go far to break down the little remaining fear which lawless men may have for the punishment of crime.

Between four and five o'clock in the morning of the 21st of July, 1867, within a few days of one year ago, Eugene Anderson, a member of the Metropolitan police, a worthy, public-spirited young man, was killed while in the actual discharge of his duty. The details of the circumstances are familiar. The excitement that followed this event was most intense, particularly among the butchers and firemen, with whom Anderson was justly popular. Could the supposed murderer, Cangemi, at the time have been taken from the custody of the law officers after he was arrested, there cannot be a doubt but that he would have been summarily dealt with. The first trial took place



BEADSMAN, WINNER OF THE DERBY.



in September, before Justice Roosevelt. Cangemi was too poor to employ counsel, and the court mercifully assigned it, appointing the Hon. John N. Ashmead, assisted by E. and B. J. Blankman, Esqrs. When the trial came off the prosecution was conducted, with able assistance, by A. Oakley Hall, Esq., District Attorney. The witnesses who were present at the murder, and, after a long chase, arrested Cangemi at his own house, were all present, and yet, to the astonishment of the public mind, which was convinced that Cangemi was the guilty party, the trial resulted in a disagreement. On the following November a second trial took place, before Judge Davies, when Cangemi was pronounced guilty, and was sentenced to be hung. This result, which seemed to be in accordance with justice, was hailed by the public as a good omen, and it was believed that punishment was at last, though tardy, to be meted out to the guilty.

Meantime, however, it was discovered that the counsel for the defence were bringing an amount of ability to bear that commanded admiration from the bar and surprise from the attendants upon our courts, and this feeling was further confirmed when the counsel succeeded in obtaining from the Court of Appeals the order for a new trial, on exceptions taken to the charge of Judge Davis before the retirement of the jury that brought in Cangemi guilty of murder, thus apparently adding still further embarrassment to the tardy use of the sword of justice. On Friday, the 11th of June, Judge Wright presiding, the third trial commenced, and from peculiar circumstances, a new interest was added to the event. Two witnesses, not necessarily important but still prominent, had since the second trial died. An election had been held and a new District Attorney was elected in the person of Peter B. Sweeny, who, it may be interesting to know, was entrusted with the most important civil office for the protection of our citizens known to the laws, viz., the prosecution of criminals, when he had never appeared before a Court in a prosecution. To this gentleman was entrusted the carrying on of the Cangemi case, and while in all fairness the prisoner was entitled to the benefits of his prosecution, Mr. Sweeny found it necessary to go to Europe, and in his place appeared Judge Phillips, the Hon. Lyman Tremain, Attorney-General of the State, and the Hon. John McKeon, late United States District Attorney, a most powerful combination of legal ability.

It is not surprising that the antecedent circumstances, with the array of counsel, created an intense interest in the public mind. The case opened with a court-room crowded to suffocation. The trial progressed with the constant bringing forth of the old witnesses, when it was rumored that Lauth, "the rag-picker witness," the principal one on the part of the prosecution, had offered to take a bribe, either to swear differently in his testimony on the pending trial, or go to Europe, as the defence might see fit. This fact was shown past a doubt. Through agents and personally he appeared at Mr. Blankman's office, and solicited to be bought up. In his hot haste to make money by the sale of blood, he wrote two different receipts in advance of any payment, in hopes, it would seem, of thus clinching the bargain. The morality of "entrapping witnesses" is not for us to discuss, but certainly such creatures as Lauth should be exposed, for his example exhibits the fearful state of things in New York, where witnesses can evidently be "bought for a song" to swear away your life and character; and it would seem that they can do



METHOD OF MILKING A SICK COW. A STICK IS PASSED UNDERNEATH THE POOR BEAST, WHICH IS HELD AT EITHER END BY A THING CALLED A MAN. THE PURE AND NUTRITIOUS MILK IS THEN DISPENSED TO LITTLE CHILDREN.

throughout the previous trials. And here we find the foundation of the moral influence that this Cangemi trial is destined to produce in the future. Had he been hanged according to the sentence of the second trial, there is a possibility that an innocent man would have been sent before his time into eternity; and then follows the proposition, if the law's delay has developed this possibility, after evidence apparently so pointed and direct, who can be convicted of murder?

The Hon. John W. Ashmead, who has but recently become a

at the time it arrived in New York harbor, attracted a great deal of attention. Cangemi refused to take passage in the ship, being able to pay his own expenses, and accordingly came a second time to the United States at his own expense. After a few months residence here he found that his means would soon be exhausted and he got a countryman of his to apply to Mr. Shaw, the bookbinder, for work. He learned the trade very quickly, and was soon able to earn journeyman's wages. To occupy wholly his time, he was in the habit of taking work home at night and bringing it back to the shop completed, in the morning. In the several years he worked with Mr. Shaw, he was never absent from labor but one day, and throughout his residence here he has borne an unexceptionable character, and from his countrymen possessed the same in his native land.

Contrary to expectation, the third trial ended in "Guilty," but as there were but eleven men on the jury at the time the verdict was given, one, Mr. Muller, having been withdrawn by consent of counsel on both sides, we presume the trial just ended will become a legal farce, and that a new trial must be granted.

## THE SKELETON PAPERS—NO. II.

The Manuscript of the Coffin—A Tale of France.

CHAPTER I.—THE COUNT'S FIRST MEETING WITH HIS FATHER.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

Thy bones are marrowless!—SHAKESPEARE.

COUNT FRANÇOIS MACHELLI was seated at his breakfast in a listless mood, which he attributed to a thunderstorm that had raged so violently during the night as to render sleep impossible. He felt a sadness unusual to him, and which not even the brightness of a fine May morning could dispel. It might be termed a solemnity of heart rather than of sadness, resembling, in a mental point of view, that peculiar gloom which overspreads the earth in a total eclipse of the sun at noonday. Turning away from the repast, he gazed through the open window. The birds were singing their mellow notes, the meadows were refreshed with the heavy showers, and revelling in glorious sunshine. The Loire glowed before him, flocks and herds were grazing, ever and anon the caw of the crow, as it sailed solemnly through the air, came over the scene. All was clear, bright and spoke of peace.

François was the last of a noble race, a tragedy, alike inexplicable and startling, had clouded the close of his father's life. The facts, as reported, were briefly these: Charalois Machelli, the father of François, and Baron Gaston de Foix had been friends from childhood. Their estates joined. On the same day they had espoused two sisters, Helen and Blanche. This seemed only to render their families more intimate, although never were two men more different. Gaston was a man of no religion, while Charalois was almost of a monastic strictness. The same diversity existed in their wives; Blanche, who was all purity and innocence itself, was married to the gay libertine; while Helen, whose heart beat only for pleasure, was united to the serious and punctilious formalist. These very differences of character seemed, however, to cement their union, just as the various prismatic colors combine to form light. Their chateaux being the only residences of that description for many miles, rendered



METHOD OF MILKING A SICK COW, AS SEEN BY CRAMER VARNAM, IN A VACANT LOT ADJOINING JOHNSON'S SIXTEENTH STREET DISTILLERY SWILL STABLES. VIDE EVIDENCE BEFORE THE COMMITTEE, JUNE 15TH, 1858.

this without any apparent consequences to themselves. That Lauth would take a bribe was proved beyond dispute; that he was "entrapped" was admitted in the able summing-up speech of Mr. McKeon.

The remarkable character of this trial now developed itself. Doubts good and substantial were created in the least observant spectator as to the prisoner's guilt. It was apparent that he might not be the man, and that after all the real culprit had escaped, and by a singular Providence, had been unnoticed and unalluded to

resident of this city, was born in Philadelphia, and is now in the prime of life. He read law with Judge Randall, and very soon obtained in his native city a lucrative practice. His first appearance in public life was as a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. When the Hon. Ellis Lewis was Attorney General of the State, Mr. Ashmead was appointed to prosecute in the Court of Oyer and Terminer for the county of Philadelphia, and in the Supreme Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. For nearly six years he was District Attorney of the United States, and resigned in the second year of General Pierce's Administration, to carry out his design of removing to this city. His great case in which he achieved a wide spread reputation, and placed himself among the leading legal minds of the day, was, no doubt, when he conducted the Government prosecution in the famous treason cases growing out of the Charleston slave case. The case tried was that of Castner Hanway. He also argued the Wilkesbarre slave case for the Government, in which Marshal Wyncoop was arrested by the State authorities of Pennsylvania on both a civil and criminal process, growing out of his attempt to arrest a fugitive slave.

Edmon Blankman was born in New York city, June 15th, 1829, but studied law in Philadelphia, in the office of the Hon. John Sergeant. In the year 1849 he returned to New York, and commenced under favorable circumstances the practice of law. Mr. Blankman and Mr. Ashmead were appointed to defend Cangemi in August last, not as volunteers, but as men who had a responsible duty assigned to them, and the industry and ability they have displayed have attracted the universal attention of the community.

Deeming that the public would like to know something of the early history of Cangemi, we give the following facts as related to us through Mr. Cristadoro, who, at the request of A. Oakley Hall, Esq., has acted throughout as Cangemi's interpreter, and, as far as he could, as his friend—duties which he has performed so faithfully and well as to call forth acknowledgments from the distinguished counsel on both sides.

Cangemi, according to his own statement, was born at Palermo and was one of a family of five children, three brothers and two sisters. One brother died, the other is now attached to the Papal household and is a man of influence, or else he would not hold such a responsible position. The brother who died left some property, which was divided between Cangemi and his sisters, the ecclesiastic waiving his interest. Cangemi kept a money loan office in his native town and everything went smoothly on with him until the year 1848. At that time the Italian revolution broke out, in which he took an active part. In the insurgent or liberal ranks he rose to the office of captain; the revolution proving unsuccessful, he was obliged to fly—came to New York, then went to New Orleans, where he engaged for a few months in the fruit business; but, fearing the fever, left for Europe and landed at Marseilles. From this place he wrote for his wife to join him, which, being done, the two settled in Genoa. An attempt being made upon the life of the Emperor of Austria, political fugitives were obliged to leave the country.

To facilitate this purpose a Sardinian frigate was employed, which,



HON. JOHN W. ASHMEAD, COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE OF CANGEMI.



EDMON BLANKMAN, ESQ., COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE OF CANGEMI.



them almost totally dependent upon each other for that mutual intercourse which gives life its truest zest.

Much of their time was spent in roaming together among the rural scenery of the Loire. This happy state was suddenly destroyed by the tragic event already alluded to. The Count and Countess Machelli had passed the day with the Baron and Baroness de Foix, when, in the midst of dinner, and while engaged in the pleasantest conversation, the Baron de Foix, who had that day copiously indulged in wine, became suddenly mad, and seizing a knife that was lying on the table before him, stabbed himself to the heart. This had so great an effect upon his wife, that, after the funeral, she returned to a convent, where she soon died of a broken heart. The sisters never met after the obsequies, and, strange to say, even on her deathbed Sister Agatha, as the baroness was called, declined to receive a visit from her volatile sister, the Countess Machelli. A deep gloom spread also over the Machellis, and it was noticed particularly, that although they resided in the same chateau, their love seemed to have been buried in the coffin of the unfortunate madman, who had, in a moment of drunken excitement, rushed, unsummoned, into the presence of his Maker.

Six months after this melancholy event, his friend, Count Machelli, died of fever, and a few weeks subsequent François was born, being a posthumous child. His mother married again, and went to reside in Paris with her husband, leaving François in the care of the Abbé Fleury, an ecclesiastic of great piety and learning. The young Count de Machelli was in his nineteenth year, and, owing to his studious and secluded life, of a calm and serious nature. He once a-year paid a visit to his mother, who had, however, only once revisited the chateau. There was, consequently, little sympathy between them.

While the young count was sitting in this more than accustomed melancholy, the curé of his village was announced. He was a venerable man, and had been the spiritual adviser of his father. The young noble rose, and greeting him with filial reverence, placed a chair for him.

The curé sat down, and after looking at François in deep sadness, said, "My son, we had a severe thunderstorm last night."

His young companion could scarce repress a smile at this gratuitous mention of an event that was loud enough to almost wake the dead, as he replied, "I heard it, Father Bernard; that awful crash towards the termination of the tempest, and which seemed to break directly over my head, struck awe into my soul. I trust it has done no damage to the village or its good people?"

"Not to the cottages," returned the curé; "but it has destroyed part of the church."

"It is fortunate, good father, that it happened not at mass time!"

"It has also," resumed the curé, "laid bare a part deeply interesting to you, my son!"

"What mean you?" anxiously inquired the young man.

"The lightning struck your family vault and laid bare the gloomy recesses of the tomb."

François bowed his head in reverence.

"What is also remarkable," continued the curé, "the effigy of the unhappy Count de Foix," here the good priest crossed himself, "was shivered to atoms, doubtless, in that appalling thunder-burst."

"Strange, indeed," murmured the young count.

"I want you, my son, to accompany me to see the coffins removed into the church while the vault is being repaired."

"It is a homage I owe the dead," was the count's response, as he inwardly accounted for the unusual gloom of soul he had experienced all the morning.

In a few minutes they were on their way to the church, where they found a group of villagers gathered around the ancestral vault of the Machellis.

A strange spectacle presented itself. The lightning had laid one side of the tomb quite bare, while the coffins appeared uninjured.

A feeling of awe prevented the count from inquiring which of them contained the body of his father. Upon his arrival the laborers commenced removing them into the church. In raising a coffin, one of the men stumbled—the shock threw it upon the ground and the lid fell off, exposing the contents.

With that morbid curiosity which ever prompts the human mind to scrutinize the forbidden, the young count advanced and looked into the coffin. A skeleton, with the remains of a mouldy, worm-eaten shroud hanging around it, met his sight.

"Whose bones are those?" inquired the count, in a low voice, of the curé.

"My son, they are your father's," was the startling response.

A thrill of solemn emotion passed through the young man's frame. Instinctively uncovering his head, he knelt by the side of the coffin and bowing down, remained in prayer. As though one thought had passed, like an electric shock, through the breasts of the crowd, all bared their heads and stood in a state of devout silence.

The scene was striking.

This was the count's first look upon the author of his being.

After a short prayer the young man arose, and, too much affected by the solemn nature of the surprise to remain, returned to the chateau, leaving the good curé to perform the pious duty.

Retiring to his study, he remained for some time musing over the remarkable events of the morning—it seemed almost more than mere coincidence that the same flash of lightning had shattered his family vault and shivered the stone effigy of Gaston de Foix.

This was rendered still more strange by the fact that his father's coffin, which had been the last deposited, should be the only one broken by the moving.

He felt as though he was on the threshold of some astounding discovery or dreadful misfortune. In this state of mind, half dream, half thought, now made up of the past and now of the future, he remained for some time. At length, feeling that the excitement of the scene he had passed through had created an almost intolerable thirst, he descended to the hall and ordered some refreshments. After drinking two or three goblets of Burgundy, he took a more cheerful view of the event, and dwelt upon it with a poetical interest.

While he was thus engaged the curé entered the room.

"My son," commenced he, "after you left the church, I made a strange discovery. In your father's coffin I found this roll of papers—they were covered with dust. They had evidently been placed under his head. I have brought them to you, unopened, of course, that being your sacred task."

Saying this, the curé presented the packet to the count, who, as he received it, felt a sensation so terrible and overpowering that a dizziness stole over him, from which he only recovered after some minutes' solemn prayer to his patron saint.

"My dear friend," at last said François, "pardon this agitation. I trace the hand of Heaven in this. When the thunder aroused me from sleep last night, I felt its voice was meant for my ear. Always till then I had revelled in the thunder's roar, and watched the lightning flash with passionate admiration till my sight ached at its dazzling glory; but last night I felt a holy awe—a sublime terror—a yearning apprehension I never knew before. Till then I had met that wonderful phase of nature as a sympathizing sharer in its majestic revelling, but last night I felt as a child before the warning voice of his God!"

"My dear sir," answered the curé, "your gifts to the virgin's shrine have not been lost. A saint's whisper is thunder to the good!"

By this time the count had somewhat recovered his composure, and was able to look at the packet so unexpectedly placed in his hands. It was very little decayed, being covered with a stout parchment, on which was written:

THE CONFESSION OF MY SOUL,

To be buried with me.

CHARALDIS DE MACHELLI.

As the count had innumerable manuscripts of his father, he knew at a glance it was his undoubted handwriting, and this naturally lent

even additional interest to what was of itself so supernatural in its character.

After carefully examining it he said, "Father Bernard, you are my confessor. I have no secrets from you or God. Remain with me, and we will peruse this sacred document."

"My son," replied the curé, "I was present to-day at your first meeting with the mortal remains of your father (the Lord assolzie him). I shared that accident with others. Your spiritual meeting will be best without any witness, save that eye that never sleeps—Benedicite!"

So noiseless and so rapid were the curé's movements, that when the count raised his head he found he was alone.

"Perhaps 'tis best," he murmured. "But my heart tells me that the great mystery of my life is at last to be revealed!"

With the manuscript of the coffin in his hand, the count passed up and down the long hall of his ancestral chateau, whose oak-carved sides were peopled with evidences of former deeds in war, love and the chase.

"Not here! not here!" at last he ejaculated. "In my own study, where my dear father breathed his last, will I meet his spirit in this mysterious packet."

Then a sudden doubt came over him. "Ah! ought I violate the sanctity of the dead?" And again he paced the room. "To be buried with me!" he muttered to himself.

The count paused.

"I will restore them to the coffin," said he. "This contains some secret not meant for the world! Yes, although I never saw my father, and he never saw me; died without knowing that he had called into the world an inheritor of his name and a lover of his character, yet I will respect his command, and restore to the tomb this confession, which has so wonderfully been placed in my hands."

With this determination he sought his own chamber, and having related to his aged steward part of the day's events, concealing the fact of the manuscript, he told him he was so much worn with the ordeal that he would not be disturbed.

Eustace promised obedience to his wishes, and left the young count to the solitude of his chamber.

The shades of evening were now beginning to gather, and one by one the oak carving in the old room began to assume various aspects, almost breathing life.

His mind and body, overstrained with the day's excitements, François Machelli, without undressing, threw himself upon his couch and was soon in a deep slumber. His dream was almost as extraordinary as the realities of the day had been. He thought that, as he laid in his bed, a skeleton hand undrew his curtains, and after looking at him with eyes of fire, the ghastly thing said, "Son, how dare you despise the bidding of Heaven? Think you that the hand of nature put that manuscript within your grasp without its own mysterious object?"

At this minute characters of fire were traced on the wall, and François read, "Be sure your sin will find you out!" When the skeleton saw these words it fell into dust at the count's feet. With a deep groan the count awoke. The lamp had expired, but the moon shone into the room, and threw a blue shade of light upon the full-length portrait of his father, which was on one side of the hearth. A sense of superstition overcame him, and recommending himself to the saints, again he closed his eyes and soon fell into a disturbed sleep, partly the result of his unusual libations and partly of his mental excitement.

He was again tormented by dreams. He thought that he was awakened by the rattling of bones, and looking round saw the effigy of the Gaston de Foix, so strangely shattered by the lightning, stealing towards the table on which the count had left the manuscript of the tomb, and about to clutch it with its gaunt, lifted finger, when the skeleton of his father suddenly appeared, and gliding before it rescued it from the horror-struck warrior, saying, "Avant! this is for my dear son whom I have seen to-day from my coffin!" The mailed warrior vanished, and the skeleton approaching the bed of his son put the roll of paper under his head. Clapping his bony hands together, and holding them over the young count's head, as though in the act of prayer, it became an angel of light, and soared into Heaven.

The count starting up said, "I will read it; 'tis the will of Heaven." Having replenished his lamp he was about looking at his horologue, when the clock of the abbey struck the midnight hour.

"A fitting time," said François Machelli, "to read the manuscript of the dead." Advancing to the table, what was his dismay and astonishment to find that the sacred packet had disappeared.

(To be continued.)

**A Nuisance.**—There are a certain class of ghouls who prey upon marriages and obituaries. Not long ago, Capt. Graves, of Trenton, married his cousin, Nancy Graves. The monster wrote this:

"The grave, 'tis said, will yield its dead  
When the last trumpet shakes the skies;  
But, if God please, from Graves like these  
A dozen living folks may rise."

Shortly afterwards, our friend George Dean married Sarah Greenfield. Thus he blossoms:

"If fate shall to their wishes yield  
(And fate to true love leans),  
Time may bestow on this Greenfield  
A lovely crop of Beans."

But a recent attempt at wit in the *Evening Express* exceeds everything. It is intended to celebrate the marriage of Miss Lucretia Head to a Mr. Wiser, a well-known tailor to Gotham. Although not Mr. Morford's best, this is not so bad as some of his best are:

"Wisely did Henry Wiser wed,  
In Erie town, Lucretia Head;  
'Tis hoped that he will highly prize her,  
For though she's lost her head, she's Wiser."

**Two Devils.**—That very clever locomotive, Bayard Taylor, has so damaged himself by his indelicate nonsense in pretending to be pestered with the love-letters of girls suffering from green sickness or eating green gooseberries, that we hardly like to say anything in his favor. Still he is rather a clever man, and therefore we copy an anecdote of him from the *Plymouth Locomotive*, whose editor was fellow-devil to Taylor. We hope Taylor's German wife likes Bayard all the better for his insolent blowing about offers of marriage from American ladies, but as this was written before Bayard lost his good sense in loafing around the universe, we make room for it: "We had the honor to succeed him in our 'devilship' in the *Village Record* office, Westchester, Chester county, Pa. We well remember when he started out on his first 'tramp,' with his small satchel containing a change or two of linen, and fifty cents capital. The apprentices in those days had to carry the papers through the country on horse-back, and our route was just past his father's house. We do not know of a single time, through rain or shine, that old Mr. Taylor did not meet us at the end of the lane with a happy smile, wishing us a good day, and as we would hand him the *Weekly Record*, he would remark, 'A fair exchange is no robbery,' filling one side of our saddle-bags with nice apples and grapes. He was a member of the Society of Friends. With his little arm and family around him he was a happy man indeed. He used to inquire after Bayard, and said, 'He liked to travel about too much; he was not steady enough.' Little he knew then that his son Bayard, the printer's apprentice, would one day be quoted as the greatest traveling historian that America could boast of."

**Relief of the Past.**—Nothing so forcibly illustrates the progress of the world as a newspaper. What a light the FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER of Nimrod's time would throw upon the antediluvian world! Pictures of prize mastodons exhibiting at some Assyrian Bazaar's—wonderful megatheriums at the Crystal Palace of Nineveh!—an exquisite engraving of Belshazzar's table as laid out for that well-known feast, given perhaps in honor of some Babylonian or Chaldean Tiger, come on to see the elephant. But we must not wander from our point, which is to copy an advertisement worthy of the  *Tribune*. It is taken from the *Boston Gazette* of July 17, 1758! What a change in a hundred years! "Just imported from Africa, and to be sold on board the brig *Jonney*, Wm. Ellery, Commander, now lying at New Boston, A number of likely NEGRO BOYS and GIRLS from 12 to 14 years of age. Inquire of said ELLERY on board said Brig, where constant attendance is given. *Note* The above Slaves have all had the Small Pox. Treasurer's Notes and New England Rum will be taken as pay." The offer to swap niggers for New England rum seems done on purpose to entice our friend Hildreth to bid for the woolly heads. Perhaps there is a mistake of a hundred years in the date, which should be 1858!

## CHESS.

All communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Fiere, the Chess Editor, Box 2,465, N. Y. P. O.

CALIFORNIA.—Shaw has brought "the consideration test" to bear upon Franklin, whose metal is not quite up to the champion standard, there being too much alloy of "business engagements" in the composition. In other words, Franklin don't accept Shaw's challenge, which is for a considerable amount.

THE CHAMBER CONGRESS PICTURE.—Chess Clubs or amateurs desirous of obtaining early and perfect impressions of the "Congress Picture" may now be accommodated by remitting the price, three dollars, to us. An impression may be seen at 98 Nassau street.

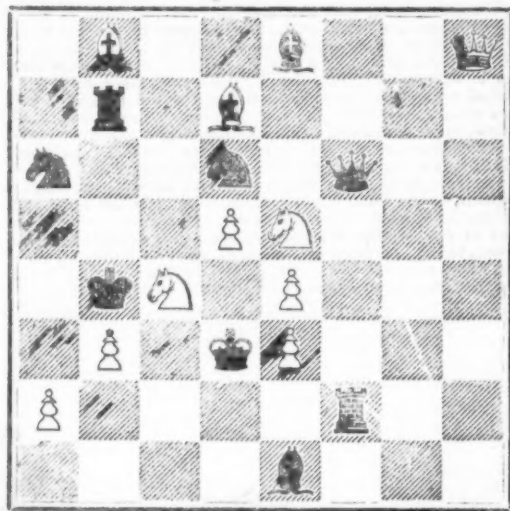
THE AMERICAN UNION, Boston, and WISCONSIN REPUBLICAN do not reach us regularly, as they should. Papers for the Chess Editor of LESLIE should be addressed to box 2,465, New York post office.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—J. H. M., Avon Springs, N. Y.; O. Bell, St. Anthony's Falls, Minn. (will be answered in our next paper); Phil Philidor; E. A. E., Charleston (we are waiting patiently for the portrait and the three-move tournament problem); J. Q. P. (let us know how some blank diagrams may be sent to you).

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS RECEIVED.—Dr. R., Philadelphia; E. A. B., Charleston, S. C. TO CORRESPONDENTS.—D. S. ROBERTS, Esq., San Francisco, Cal. The welcome budget is to hand; the letter of May 19th is the only one received; the others have gone wrong; address box 2,465 in future; further by mail.—DAVENPORT CHAMBER CLUB, Iowa. We are indebted to some one belonging to this club for a valued communication, but to whom we cannot say, as the letter did not reach us in its original state. Our thanks are tendered to the obliging party. Communications addressed to box 2,465 will reach us safely.

SCHWIZZERSCHE SCHACHZEITUNG, Chur, Switzerland. Numbers of this Swiss Chess magazine have reached us. Many thanks to the editors for their courtesy. Those amateurs desirous of subscribing for this periodical may do so through us.

PROBLEM CXXXV.—By Dr. REID, Philadelphia.—White to play and checkmate in four moves.



PROBLEM CXXXVI.—By Dr. REID, Philadelphia.—POSITION OF THE PIECES.—White: B at Q6; Q at Q3; K at Q2. Black: K at Q4. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

PROBLEM CXXXVII.—By Dr. REID, Philadelphia.—POSITION OF THE PIECES.—White: B at K B3; Q at K R3; K at Q6. Black: K at K B5. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CXXXIV., by J. D., Portland, Me.—1. W. B to K B4 (ch). 2. B. K to Q B6. 3. W. Q to Q Bsq (ch). 4. B. K to Kt5 (best). 5. W. B to Q2 (ch). 6. B. Q interposes (best). 7. W. Q to K3 (ch). 8. B. Anything. 9. W. Q mates.

GAME CXXXV.—(SCOTCH GAMBIT.)—Played in the California State Tournament, between D. S. ROBERTS, Esq., President of the Brooklyn Chess Club, and Wm. SCHLESINGER, Esq., of San Francisco.

WHITE. Mr. S.	BLACK. Mr. R.	WHITE. Mr. S.	BLACK. Mr. R.
1 K P 2	K P 2	22 R to K3	R to K3
2 Kt to K B3	Kt to Q B3	23 Kt to Q B2	R to B4
3 Q P 2	P to Q3	24 K R to Q3 (ch)	K to K2
4 B to Q B4	B to Q B4	25 Kt to K5	B to B3
5 Castles	Q P	26 Kt to B5 (ch)	K to Bsq
6 K Kt to Kt5	Q Kt to K4	27 R to K4	R checks
7 B to Q Kt3	K R P	28 K to B2	R checks
8 K B P 2	R P Kt K3	29 R to K2	R from K3 to Q B3
9 K B P Kt K3	Q B to K3	30 R to K3	P to Q R4
10 B to B	P to B	31 K R P	P to K Kt3
11 Q to K Kt4	Q to Q2	32 P to K Kt5 (c)	P to Kt
12 B to P	Q P Kt P	33 P Kt B	P to K5
13 Q Kt to Q2	Kt to R3	34 K to Kt3	K to B2
14 Q to R4	B to K2	35 K to B4	K Kt P
15 Q to R5 (ch)	K to Q sq (a)	36 K R P	R Kt R
16 B Kt	R Kt B	37 R Kt R	R to B6
17 Q Kt P at K4	B to B3	38 R to B2	R to K R6
18 Q to Q B5	Q to Q3	39 R to Bsq	R Kt P
19 Q Kt P	P Kt Q	40 R to Q B sq	R checks
20 Kt to Q B4	Kt to Q2	41 K to Kt3	R checks
21 Q R to Q sq	Q R to Q B sq	42 K to B2	R to K Kt2
22 Q Kt P	Q Kt P	43 R to Q B5	P to K Kt2
23 Kt to R3	P to Q R3	44 R P 2	P Kt P
24 K R to K B3	Q R to Q B4	45 P Kt P	P to Q R2
25 K R P	P to Q4	46 K to Kt3	K to Kt4
26 P Kt P	R Kt P	47 R to K5	R to Q Kt2
27 K Kt P 2	P to Q R4	48 R Kt P	R checks
28 Q R to K sq	K to K3	49 K to B2	K to B5
29 K R to Q3	B to R5 (b)	50 R to Q Kt5 (d)	R Kt R
30 R to K2	K to Q3	51 P Kt R	K to K4
31 Q B P 2	P Kt P en passant		White resigns.

(a) Interposing the Knight would, perhaps, have been better.  
(b) Not quite fast enough for Roberts.  
(c) Could have done much better.  
(d) False calculation.

MENTAL CHES.—Mr. Paulsen has on two occasions played ten games simultaneously, without sight of boards or men, since the accomplishment of his task at Chicago; once at Rock Island, and once at Davenport, Iowa. At Rock Island he won all the ten games; at Davenport he won eight of the games, and lost two—being the only ones lost out of the thirty played on the three occasions. The following is one of the games played at Davenport, 19th of May, 1858.

GAME CXXXVI.

WHITE. Mr. Paulsen.	BLACK. Mr. A.	WHITE. Mr. Paulsen.	BLACK. Mr. A.
1 P to K4	P to K4	25 Q Kt to K3	R to K sq
2 Q Kt to B3	K Kt to B3	26 Kt to Q6	R to K2
3 P to K B4	P Kt P	27 Kt to K B3	B to Q B2
4 K Kt to B3	K R P to R3	28 Q Kt to Q B4	P to Q B3
5 B to Q B4	P to Q3	29 P to Q R4	Kt to Q Kt3
6 P to Q4	B to K Kt5	30 Kt to Kt	B Kt Kt
7 Q B P 2	Q Kt to Q2	31 K to R3	B to Q sq
8 Castles	P to K Kt4	32 K to Kt4	R to K R2
9 B to K Kt3	P to Q B3	33 K to K R5	R to K B2
10 Q to K2	Q to K2	34 K to Kt6	R to K2
11 P to K5	P Kt P	35 P to K Kt4	P to Q B4
12 P Kt P	Kt to K R4	36 K Kt R P	R to Q B4
13 Q R to K sq	Kt to B	37 R to K2	K to B2
14 P Kt Kt	Castles	38 Kt to P	B Kt Kt (ch)
15 Q to K4	Q B to K3	39 K to Kt2	R to Kt2 (ch)
16 B Kt B	P Kt B	40 K to B6	R Kt P
17 Q to Q R4	Q to Q B4 (ch)	41 K Kt R P	P to Q2
18 K to R2	K to Q Kt sq	42 K to K B5	P to Kt4
19 Q Kt to K4	Q to Kt5	43 P to K Kt4	R to K R5
20 Q Kt Q	B Kt Q	44 P to K Kt6	R to K R sq
21 P to Q B3	B to Q R4	45 P to K Kt6	R to K Kt sq
22 Q Kt to Q6	K R to R2	46 P to K Kt7	K to K sq
23 K Kt to Q4	K R to K2	47 K to K R6	Black resigned.
24 K R to K B7	R Kt R	48 R to K R2	



## TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy.....17 weeks.....\$ 1  
 One do.....1 year.....\$ 5  
 Two do.....2 years.....\$ 8  
 Three do.....3 years.....\$ 10  
 Five do.....5 years.....\$ 15  
 And an extra copy to the person sending a club of Five  
 Every additional subscription \$2.  
 OFFICE 13 FRANKFORT STREET, NEW YORK.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## Freckles.

The *Kalliston*, prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Tremont street, Boston, contains a peculiar erasive property which will remove these disagreeable stains. It is at the same time perfectly harmless, allays all tendency to inflammation, and renders the complexion clear and beautiful.—*Herald*. 131-134

## Premature Loss of the Hair

may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the Hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivalled as a dressing for the Hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days. For sale by all druggists. 131-134

## HEALTH! GRACE!! and BEAUTY!

conferred upon the Ladies by wearing DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD'S CELEBRATED SKIRTS. The unparalleled success of the NEW EXPANSION SKIRT (120,000 of which have been sold during the last 4 months) has induced the Manufacturers to make arrangements that will enable them to produce 200 dozen (2,400 Skirts) per day during the months of June, July and August. They also call attention to their NEW LINEN SUPERIOR SKIRT, FOR TRAVELLING, which is receiving universal commendation from the Ladies. They are the sole proprietors of the only "PATENT ADJUSTABLE BUSTLE" in use. Beware of the many imitations offered in the market, as they are all either infringe or worthless. They also manufacture over 70 OTHER DIFFERENT STYLES, with and without the "Patent Adjustable Bustle." These SKIRTS have been recommended by the HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITY as being the best article for Ladies' use that has ever been offered to the public. None genuine unless stamped.

## "DOUGLAS &amp; SHERWOOD, MANUFACTURERS, NEW YORK."

For sale throughout the United States and Canada. 132-135

## A BOOK FOR THE MILLION.

TREATISE ON FERMENTED LIQUORS—brewing, distilling, rectifying, manufacturing all known beverages, Wines, Cordials, Syrups, Cider and Vinegar; and 1,000 prescriptions in medicine, metallurgy, pyrotechny, cosmetics, guano, hair dyes and invigorators, perfumes, oils, tinctures, essences, woodcuts, &c. Price \$2, sent per mail free. For sale by the author, DR. L. FEUCHTWANGER, 143 Maiden Lane, New York. 000

J. GURNEY'S PHOTOGRAPHIC PALACE OF ART. No connection with any other establishment in the city. 128-140 No. 849 Broadway, New York.

HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.—The great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from fire for valuable papers, such as Bonds, Mortgages, Deeds, Notes and Books of Account, than the ordinary safes heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote to a large portion of their time and attention, during the seventeen past years, in making improvements and discoveries for this object; and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally, that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer their IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE, as the CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD, having been awarded Medals at both the World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New York, 1853, as SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation; and secured with HALL'S PATENT POWDER PROOF LOCKS (which were also awarded Medals as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar-proof Safe ever offered to the Public. The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boilers and Chimney Iron, Bank Chests and Vaults, Fire Doors and Money Boxes, or Chests for Brokers, Jewelers and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds and other Valuables. And are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK. SILAS C. HERRING & CO., 251 Broadway, New York.

THE CLOTHING AT GENIN'S BAZAAR Is Cut by ISLETON, whose skill is unsurpassed in this country. NEW STYLES IN DRESS AND SCHOOL SUITS. ELEGANT BRAIDED JACKETS. COMPLETE SUITS FOR RISING AMERICA. Spring Tailors, Spring Suits, GENIN'S BAZAAR, No. 513 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel.

## TO FAMILIES

SOAP AND CANDLES. J. C. HULL & SONS, 108, 110, and 112 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK, Manufacturers of EXTRA FAMILY AND PALE SOAPS. Also, FANCY AND TOILET SOAPS OF EVERY STYLE, PERFUME AND COLOR. Also, PURE OLD PALM SOAP, for the Bath, Toilet, and for Children. The best Soap in use for CHAPPED HANDS. Goods delivered free of cartage.

ASTHMA.—A distinguished Lawyer writes from Augusta, Maine, as follows: "When I commenced taking JONES' REMEDY for Asthma, I had been affected with that disease nearly twenty years. It is of the spasmodic kind; in a bad attack I have frequently sat up sixteen nights in succession. Soon after taking the Remedy I found an unaccountable relief; my health and strength began to improve; I have gained twenty pounds in weight, and have comparatively no asthma. It seems to me that the very foundation of my disease is broken up, and that it will soon entirely leave me." The medicine referred to above is prepared by Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, and is for sale by druggists generally. 000

DELIGHTFUL SPOT.—The Atlantic Hotel, Hoboken, now under the management of Messrs. HALL & Co., is the most eligible place within reach for New Yorkers, either to board, or to spend a hour in the shady garden. 134-135

## POST OFFICE NOTICE.

The Mails for EUROPE, via Southampton and Havre, per U. S. Steamer ARAGO, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 26th day of June, at 10½ o'clock A. M. ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

## THE GREAT ANNOYANCES OVERCOME! LADIES CHARMED! GENTLEMEN DELIGHTED! CHILDREN IN ECSTASIES!

THE PERILS ATTENDANT UPON WEARING THE RIGID STEEL HOOP SKIRT (by not permitting the garments to be compressed) in case of accident by FIRE, as well as the many difficulties, inconveniences, and, too often, inelegant displacement of dress, is entirely obviated by the use of WOODWARD'S PATENT COLUMBIAN SKIRTS AND EXTERIERS.

Ladies wearing them may with confidence enter the most crowded ASSEMBLY, CHURCH, CARriage, RAILROAD CAR or OMNIBUS, without mortification to themselves or inconvenience to others. They may be compressed into the smallest space without breaking or injuring the expansive powers of the spring, while they afford an easy and graceful fall to the drapery in a sitting position, and, upon rising, immediately resume their wonted shape and beauty, being every way PLIABLE, VERY COMPRESSIBLE, EXPANSIVE AND DURABLE.

They are peculiarly adapted for LITTLE MISSES' SKIRTS, and, without exception, they form the most reliable and desirable PROMENADE AND TRAVELLING SKIRT in the world.

For sale at his store, No. 323 Broadway, opposite the Broadway Theatre, and at his manufactory, No. 190 Fulton street, New York. 000

## GWYNNE &amp; DAY'S BANK NOTE REGISTER, AND DETECTOR OF COUNTERFEITS, IS RELIABLE, IMPARTIAL AND CORRECT

In its Quotations, Statistics, and Information upon all subjects connected with Banks, and contains features of interest to be found in no other work of the kind. From the Home Journal.

"It is a work that cannot be dispensed with in these days of financial uncertainties." Weekly.....Two Dollars a Year. Monthly.....One Dollar. Semi-Monthly.....Fifty Cents. Letters containing subscription money should be addressed to GWYNNE & DAY, No. 12 Wall street, N. Y.

## MILK FOR BABES. ALDEN &amp; WOODHULL'S CONCENTRATED MILK.

The remarkable virtues of this invaluable preparation of PURE ORANGE COUNTY MILK Are now freely admitted by all who have an opportunity testing them.

It is particularly adapted for children who REQUIRE TO BE NURSED BY HAND and can be relied on as PURE ORANGE COUNTY MILK Sold by Druggists and Grocers generally

GENTLEMEN.—The preparations of yours which I have tried are excellent. The portable state of them, with their good qualities, makes them valuable for the invalid and the traveller. July 16, 1857. VALENTINE MOIT, M.D. Messrs. Alden & Woodhull, New York.

Hotels, Restaurants, Saloons, &c., Can be supplied with Pure Orange County Milk and Cream by leaving their address at the Depot, 35 WHITE STREET, COR. CHURCH

Persons residing in Brooklyn can be supplied at their residences by leaving their orders with Mr. JOHN DONNELLY, 51 Main street, cor. Jaen St., Brooklyn. 128-133

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINE.—The great popularity of these machines may readily be understood when the fact is known that any good female operator can earn with one of them. ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR.

To every tailor, seamstress, dressmaker, and each large family in the country, one of these machines would be invaluable. I. M. SINGER & Co.'s Gazette, a beautiful illustrated paper, is just published. It explains all particulars about sewing machines. It will be given gratis to all who apply for it by letter or personally. 000 I. M. SINGER & CO. 458 Broadway, New York.

## KISS-ME-QUICK. THE FAVORITE PERFUME, DISTILLED FROM FRAGRANT TULIPS.

KISS-ME-QUICK, THE PERFUME. KISS-ME-QUICK, THE SACRET. KISS-ME-QUICK SOAP. EUGENE DUPUY, Chemist and Family Druggist, 133-146 609 Broadway, N. Y.

## THE ETERNAL PERFUME, FROM THE HOLY CITY.

"Oh! could I but catch that fragrance, I would ask no other fame, Than that those sweet-scented flowers Should be coupled with my name!" BEWARE OF IMITATIONS! FRANGIPANNI, THE PERFUME, FRANGIPANNI, THE SACRET, FRANGIPANNI SOAP, FRANGIPANNI OIL. Sole Agent for the United States, EUGENE DUPUY, Importer, 609 Broadway, N. Y. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

## GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS.

THE SWEETEST AND REALLY THE MOST PERFECT BEAUTIFIER IN NATURE. This admirable preparation of Elder Flowers is very fragrant as a perfume. Elder Flowers have, from the earliest ages, been esteemed as a mild and harmless, yet most perfect Beautifier of the Skin. Tan, Sun-burn, Freckles, Redness, &c., it will speedily and completely remove.

CHILDREN.—It is singularly beneficial and perfectly innocuous, even to the youngest infant. SHAVING.—It is valuable beyond anything, annihilating every pimble and all roughness, rendering the skin soft and firm, preparing it so completely for the razor.

FAMILY LOTION.—Godfrey's Extract of Elder Flowers will be found beyond all praise, and needs only a trial to be approved. EUGENE DUPUY, Family Chemist, 133-146 609 Broadway, N. Y.

CHINA AND GLASS WARE, CUTLERY, BRONZES, FINE MARBLE, &c., together with a large assortment of Fancy Toilets, Table and Mantel Ornaments, of new and beautiful designs, now opening at prices that cannot fail to suit.

Strangers visiting the city will find it greatly to their interest to call and examine this stock. C. C. LEIGH'S, 551 & 553 Broadway, (Wood's Building,) between Metropolitan and St. Nicholas Hotels. 134-137

CHARLES' LONDON CORDIAL GIN.—THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY LONDON GIN IMPORTED.—This Gin, distilled in London from sound barley, under the surveillance of the British Excise Laws, is delicately flavored with a tincture of the Italian Juniper Berry, and some of the most valuable restoratives of the Vegetable Kingdom, rendering it, in the opinion of the most eminent medical men, the purest and safest stimulant or diuretic drink in use. For sale by all druggists and grocers. Quarts 75 cents. 35 cents.

EDWARD C. CHARLES, Importer, 40 Broadway, New York. 119-120

A NEW AND CHEAP SEWING MACHINE, called, on account of its universal adaptation to every description of sewing for FAMILIES, PLANTATIONS, SHIRT-MAKERS, and SHOP WORK generally, and the low price at which it is offered to the public, THE PEOPLE'S SEWING MACHINE.

Invented by J. W. Burnham, remarkable for the simplicity of its construction and excellence of its workmanship. It is easily managed; not liable to get out of order; requires but one hour's practice to learn to operate it, and makes no noise. The needle threads itself, and uses any kind of thread or silk without rewinding.

Manufactured and sold exclusively by GEORGE W. GILBERT, No. 448 Broadway, above Canal st. 131-133

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—MR. L. TILMAN has the honor to announce that he has opened a MAGNIFICENT BAZAAR at No. 712 Broadway, and that he is now receiving from the House of Tilman & Co., No. 104 Rue de Richelieu, Paris, a large and varied assortment of the finest ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, FEATHERS, COIFFURES, WREATHS, &c., of the newest styles, which for elegance and freshness defy competition. The well-known European reputation of Tilman's Flowers is a sufficient guarantee of their superior excellence over all others. N. B.—MADAME TILMAN'S PATENT PAGE'S CLASPS for Ladies just received. 000 L. TILMAN, No. 712 Broadway.

THE LADIES' TOILET.—No lady's dressing-table should be without POUDEUR SUBTILE, to remove superfluous hairs—LILY WHITE, to refresh and beautify the complexion—LIQUID ROUGE, to restore the bloom of health—and CIRCASSIAN GLOSS, to strengthen the hair, and give it that glossy appearance so indispensable to female beauty. Above all, every one, whether lady or gentleman, should use DR. GORHAM'S MEDICATED SOAP, which is an infallible specific for Itch, Freckles and Cutaneous Eruptions. Principal Depot, 67 WALKER STREET, one door out of Broadway. Agents, Mrs. HAYES, Brooklyn; Callender, Philadelphia; Bates, 129 Washington st., Boston; Carleton & Co., Lowell; Tree & Co., Salem, &c. 132-135

TIFFANY & CO., LATE TIFFANY, YOUNG & ELLIS. Fine Jewelry, Precious Stones, Watches, Silver Ware, Bronzes, Clocks, Rich Porcelain Articles of Art and Luxury. No. 360 Broadway, New York. HOUSE IN PARIS, TIFFANY, REED & CO. 000

SALERATUS.—Those who want perfectly wholesome Saleratus, will inquire for that manufactured by the undersigned, which cannot be excelled in strength and purity, as we guarantee it to be free from any trace of deleterious matter. For sale to the trade by 85-137 JOHN DWIGHT & CO., No. 11 Old Slip.

TATTLING.—The most useful and durable Trimming ever invented, for Skirts, Pantalottes, &c., TAUGHT BY MRS. PULLAN AND MISS HATTON. Also Crochet, Netting, Knitting, Embroidery and Point Lace. Materials for any sort of fancy work selected and sent to any part of the States, by MRS. PULLAN.

EDITH OF THE WORKABLE OF FRANK LESLIE'S MAGAZINE, and of all the leading English Periodicals. Mrs. PULLAN, in reply to numerous inquiries, informs her readers that all her cotton designs are worked exclusively with the manufactures of Messrs. WALTER EVANS & Co.'s Boar's Head Cotton Manufacturers of Derby, England. They consist of Evans's Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, for Crochet and Sewing; Colored Crochet Cotton, warranted to wash; Patent Glacé Thread, for machine work; Royal Embroidery, French Embroidery, Tatting, Knitting (colored and white); Mecklenburg and Moravian Threads.

JUST RECEIVED PER "PERNA"—JUST RECEIVED HUNGARY WATER.

The specific virtues of Eau de la Reine de Hongrie has rendered it justly celebrated in all parts of the world. It was originally distilled A. D. 1550, by Paracelsus Piesse, the alchemist and physician, of Transylvania. For two centuries its reputation has steadily advanced, till at the present time it has fairly eclipsed all other odoriferous waters, and that simply from the fact that Hungary Water contains a small portion of the Rosemarinus, of which its fragrant competitors are destitute. Now, as it is certain that Rosemary has the power to increase the memory and invigorate the brain, as noted by the Bard of Avon, "There's the Rosemary, that's for remembrance;" we cannot be surprised to learn that Orators, Clergymen, Lecturers, Authors, Poets, give it the preference. EUGENE DUPUY, Agent, 133-146 609 Broadway, N. Y.

METROPOLITAN GIFT BOOK STORE, NEW YORK.

MONTHLY CIRCULARS NOW READY, CONTAINING AN EXTENSIVE LIST OF BOOKS!

An Explanation of my manner of conducting business, and showing up some of the HUMBUGS IN NEW YORK, Sent by mail to any address. 132-135 J. S. ANDREWS, 140 Nassau st., N. Y.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS!

Prof. HAYES, State Chemist, of Massachusetts, says: they are the best of all pills, and annexed are the men who certify that Dr. Hayes knows: H. J. GARDNER, Governor of Massachusetts. EMORY WASHBURN, Ex-Governor of Massachusetts. SIMEON BROWN, Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts. E. M. WRIGHT, Secretary State of Massachusetts. JOHN B. FITZPATRICK, Catholic Bishop of Boston. PROF. JOHN TORREY, the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City. DR. C. T. JACKSON, Geologist of the Public Lands of the United States.

Among the diseases this Pill has cured with astonishing rapidity, we may mention Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from a foul Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the bowels, and pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Ulcerous and Cutaneous Diseases, which require an evacuant medicine. Scrofula, or King's Evil. This, also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cures many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body, or obstructions of its functions. They are the best Purgative Medicine ever discovered, and you will but need to use them once to know it. Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass., and sold by every respectable Druggist in New England and throughout the United States. 137-139

THE BLEECKER GALLERY. PHOTOGRAPHS, AMBROTYPE, HALLOTYPE, STEREOSCOPES, DAGUERRETYPE, Taken in a superior manner, corner of Broadway and Bleecker street, New York. 0000

SPASMODIC ASTHMA.—The most severe case of this dreadful complaint have been cured by a few doses of JONES' REMEDY FOR ASTHMA, and a no instance has it failed to give immediate relief. See advertisement.

CHRONIC DISEASE.—MAN KIND ARE sorely afflicted with chronic maladies; like the weevil in wheat, and the rot in the potato, it silently and insidiously consumes away and destroys the vital principle of the bodies wherein it lurks. Scrofula, consumption, bronchitis, dyspepsia, rheumatism and gout frequently become chronic, crippling the afflicted with pains, aches and infirmities that chain them to a life of misery and woe. Many who are now afflicted with chronic have inherited their maladies from their parents; others have contracted their chronic, by exposure, indiscretions and bad treatment of other diseases. In Radway's Renovating Resolvent, aided with the Ready Relief and Regulator, will be found an effectual cure. Under the healthful influence of these remedies the whole system becomes regenerated. At this season, when breakings out, skin eruptions, pimples, blotches, sores and other evidences of impure blood appear, a few doses of Radway's Renovating Resolvent should be taken; one or two days' use of this pleasant purifier of the blood will remove all difficulties. Those afflicted with chronic diseases, either constitutional or contracted, may rely upon a complete deliverance of their maladies, and their bodies restored to a sound and healthy condition by the R. R. Remedies. Principal office 162 Fulton street. 000

HENRY MAILLARD, WHOLESALE CONFECTIONER and MANUFACTURER OF CHOCOLATE, 619 & 621 Broadway. Factory, 158 & 160 Mercer Street. Country Merchants will please to call and examine his Stock and Prices before buying elsewhere. 130-142

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—The fable that Scrofula or King's evil could be cured by a monarch's touch, has long been exploded. But the great truth that not only Scrofula and Salt-rheum, but all maladies developed in the skin and flesh, can be removed by this preparation, is beyond evil. Sold at the manufactory, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all druggists, at 25 cts., 63 cts., and \$1 per pot.

CAMPBELL WOOD AND CEDAR TRUNKS, all sizes. For sale at BERRIAN'S, 601 Broadway. 130-134

AUSTIN'S PATENT FREEZERS, best and quickest, all sizes, \$2 to \$11 each, at BERRIAN'S, 601 Broadway.

HOUSE FURNISHING ARTICLES of every description; best Goods at lowest prices, at BERRIAN'S, 601 Broadway.

SILVER-PLATED SPOONS, FORKS, &c., the best quality. Treble Plate on first quality Alabaster, at reduced prices, at BERRIAN'S, 601 Broadway.

REFRIGERATORS.—All the latest and best kinds made in New York, Boston or Philadelphia, are offered at the lowest prices at BERRIAN'S, 601 Broadway.

PERAMBULATORS, FOUR AND TWO-WHEELED CARRIAGES, Cabs, Gigs, Propellers, Swings, Hobby-horses, Tool-chests, &c., &c., at BERRIAN'S, 601 Broadway.

SHAWL AND FUR TRUNKS, all sizes, at BERRIAN'S, 601 Broadway.

EDGE'S FIRST PREMIUM FIREWORKS SALESROOM, NO. 47 MAIDEN LANE. EXHIBITION PIECES FOR CITY AND TOWN DISPLAYS.

Also, every variety of SMALL FIREWORKS, FIRE BALLS, &c., &c., all at Manufacturers' Prices. L. G. FORMAN, E. H. HOLLISTER. 131-135

SWAN & CO.'S LOTTERY COMMISSIONERS ENDORSED BY THE Mayor and Postmaster of Augusta, and an Ex-U. S. Senator of Georgia. A CARD

FROM THE COMMISSIONERS, AND CERTIFICATES FROM THE MAYOR AND OTHERS OF THE CITY OF AUGUSTA: Augusta, Richmond County, Georgia:

This is to certify that we have superintended the drawings of the Sparta Academy Lottery, SAMUEL SWAN & Co., managers at Augusta, Georgia, from the commencement of its drawings, and still continue to superintend the same. Each drawing is solely and exclusively under our control, and we can assure the public that the managers are men of honor, respectability and fair dealing, and everything connected with the entire business is carried on with the most scrupulous and exact integrity.

LEON P. DUGAS, FREDERIC C. BARBER, Commissioners of Sparta Academy Lottery. Augusta, Ga., June 7th, 1858.

AUGUSTA, Georgia, June 7th, 1858. From long personal acquaintance with Leon P. Dugas and Frederic C. Barber, we take great pleasure in certifying that they are men of the highest integrity and probity, and in this community are esteemed and regarded as highly honorable and worthy citizens.

Hon. B. CONLEY, Mayor of the City of Augusta. JAMES M. SMYTHE, Esq., Postmaster of the City of Augusta. Hon. JOHN P. KING, Formerly U. S. Senator.

THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR JULY, NOW READY.

Beginning the FIFTY-SECOND VOLUME. LOUIS GAYLORD CLARE and DR. JAMES O. NOYES, Editors. CONTENTS.—(Original Papers) GIPSING OVER THE WORLD. Dr. J. O. Noyes. NEWPORT OUT OF SEASON. H. T. Tuckerman. LES BOHEMIENS. Oliver Wendell Holmes. YE TAILOR MAN. John G. Saxe. THE WEDDING GARMENT. Ellen Key Blunt. THE LOST ARTS OF THE HOUSEHOLD. Illustrated. And other articles by Stoddard, Aldrich, &c., with A SLENDOR STEEL-PLATE ENGRAVING OF "THE AUROCRAAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE." The following popular authors will also contribute to the Fifty-second Volume of the Knickerbocker: FITZ GREENE HALLACK, DR. J. W. FRANCES, DONALD G. MITCHELL, JULIAN C. VEPLANCE, HON. G. P. R. JAMES, GEORGE W. CURRIE, FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

TERMS.—Single copies, one year, \$3; two copies, \$5; three copies, \$6. Single copies, 25 cents. For sale everywhere. JOHN A. GRAY, Publisher, 16 and 18 Jacob street, New York. 134-135

MELODEONS WITH DIVIDED SWELL, NINE DIFFERENT VARIETIES. THE BEST TONED REED INSTRUMENTS in the world. Price, from \$45 to \$200. THE CELEBRATED ORGAN MELODEON. With two banks of Keys, five sets of Reeds, eight Stops, and Pedal Bass. \$350. Illustrated Price Circular sent by mail. Address GEO. A. PRINCE & CO., 37 Fulton st., New York City. 130-141



## THE ADVENTURES OF OUR CORRESPONDENT—FROM NEW ORLEANS TO CAIRO.



OUR NEW ORLEANS CORRESPONDENT, ALARMED AT THE REVOLUTIONARY ASPECT OF THINGS IN THAT CITY, DETERMINES TO LEAVE ON THE FIRST STEAMER.

**FLOWER GARDENS.**—Ladies who enjoy the luxury of cultivating their own Flower Gardens will find BURNETT'S KALLISTON a most refreshing and desirable Wash to use, after exposure to the sun and wind, and when weary of exercise. It imparts vigor and health to the skin, and renders the complexion clear and beautiful. All the druggists and perfumers have it for sale.



HAVING A GREAT DEAL OF PARTICULAR BUSINESS TO SETTLE UP BEFORE DEPARTING, HE COMES VERY NEAR BEING LEFT BEHIND.

### A FRENCH MANUFACTURER'S SALE OF NEW AND ELEGANT MANTILLAS, amounting at cost, in Paris, to over A MILLION OF FRANCES.

Those most renowned Fabricants, LOUIS VICTOR ARMAND and JEAN JACQUES LAMONTAGNE, whose products are known alike from St. Petersburg to Constantinople, in Europe, as also from Boston to New Orleans, in the United States, having been forced to succumb to the pressure of the times, the entire assets of their Estate (except that portion specially designed for the Russian market, and which will be simultaneously disposed of at St. Petersburg) are now offered for public distribution at the commodious and elegant store,

NO. 361 BROADWAY between Thompson's and Taylor's Saloons, by private bargain, for a limited period only. These Sales being instituted by order of the FRENCH COURT OF BANKRUPTCY, or the purpose of declaring a fourth and final dividend to the Creditors in Europe, on or before Monday, the 2d of August, the prices in most cases will be merely nominal; but none will be sold for less than the amount of Customs dues, Broker's, Commissioner's and Assignment fees.

THE ALLOTMENT FOR THIS CITY is under deed of assignment to Mr. Wm. D. ESTERRE, who has specially retained the above-named spacious premises for its more efficient display and distribution. It will be open to the Public on

THURSDAY, the 10th of JUNE INST. Hours of business from 10 till 6 each day. It consists in part of

One Thousand handsome deep flounced Silk Mantillas at \$8.  
Eight Hundred do. do. at \$5.  
Fifteen Hundred superb do. at \$12.  
Between Six and Seven Thousand of the most costly and recherche Garments ever imported into this country, at from \$14 to \$35 each.  
Also, upwards of Five Thousand French Lace Mantelets, with one, two and three flounces, chiefly the product of the celebrated Chantilly Looms, and ranging in price from \$5 to \$50.

Also, Magnificent Real Guipure Lace Mantillas. Real Thread Lace Mantillas. Real Pusher Lace Mantillas. Real Thread Lace Points, &c., &c. Wholesale buyers can only be waited upon previous to ten in the morning. Terms strictly Cash on or before delivery.

Observe the number, 361 BROADWAY, between Thompson's and Taylor's Saloons. Sale commenced THURSDAY, JUNE 10th. WILLIAM D. ESTERRE.

**AGENTS WANTED.**—Persons out of employment who are desirous of engaging in a profitable and permanent business, will please address, for terms and full particulars, I. M. DAGGETT & CO., Boston, Mass.

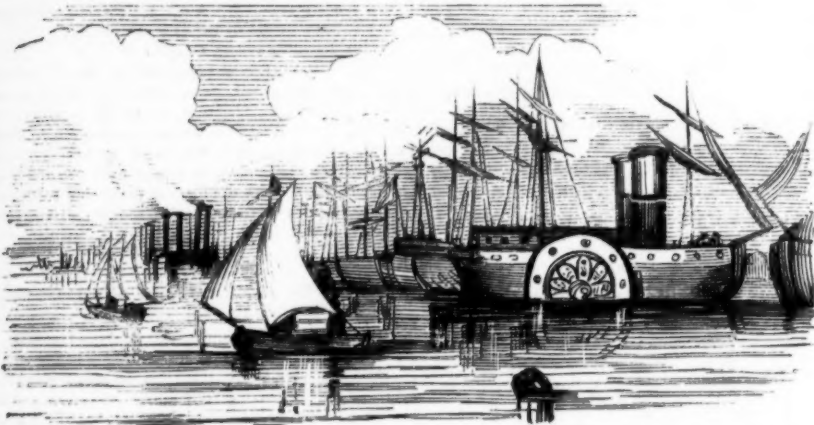
### BOOK FOR SUMMER TOURISTS. PUBLISHED THIS DAY. AQUARELLES; OR SUMMER SKETCHES.

By SAMUEL SOMMER. Handsomely printed in large, clear type, and illustrated with several original and highly characteristic engravings. "This work is full of fun and pungent wit. It hits off with excellent effect the follies of life at the Spring—NEWPORT, SARATOGA, SHARON, &c."

The author is evidently a skilful limner, for his touches are instinct with life. This is just the book to choose as a companion on a pleasure trip to the quiet country or to the seaside, whether by rail or steamboat. It possesses several advantages for this in its gay and sunny pictures, as well as its keen yet genial satire, and its free, almost colloquial style. It will doubtless become the great favorite of all pleasure-seeking readers, at home and abroad.

STANFORD & DEISSER, Publishers, 508 Broadway, who have also IN PRESS, BRANDON; OR, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. ADVENTURES OF MAJOR ROGER SHE MAN POTTER. CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILLE. HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY, 12 vols. 134-135

**GOUPIL & CO.,** PRINT PUBLISHERS AND ARTISTS' COLORMEN. 365 Broadway, NEW YORK. Engravings, Oil Paintings, Artists' Materials, &c. 128-129



OUR CORRESPONDENT INDULGES IN A LITTLE SKETCHING ON THE JOURNEY—VIEW OF NEW ORLEANS FROM THE STEAMER.

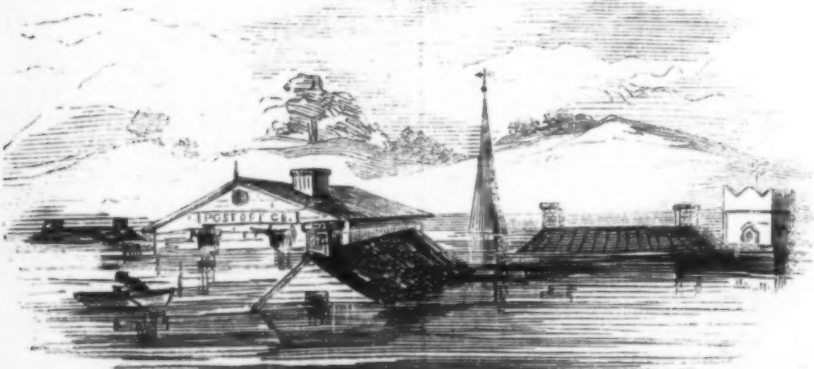
**ATWATER'S PATENT \$15 AND \$25 SEWING MACHINE** received the First Premium over Singer's and Wheeler & Wilson's, at the State Fair, held at Buffalo, October 9th, 1857. The Cheapest and Best SEWING MACHINE in the market.

Office, 403 Broadway, New York. Send for descriptive Circular. H. C. BURTMAN & CO., Sole Agent for the United States. 132-135

### WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES

343 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Received the highest Premiums awarded in 1857 by the American Institute, New York; Maryland Institute, Baltimore, and at the Maine, Connecticut, Illinois and Michigan State Fairs.

Send for a Circular containing Editorial and Scientific Opinions, testimonials from persons of the highest social position, &c.



THE TOWN OF NAPOLÉON.



SPORTING ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI—A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

### FOR BRIDGEPORT—CHEAP FARE—FIFTY CENTS.

For Bridgeport every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 12 o'clock, noon, from pier 24 East River, the steamer BRIDGEPORT, Capt. Weeks.

### CHEAP FARE—TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

For City Island, David's Island, New Rochelle, Rocky Neck and Norwalk, every morning at eight o'clock, from pier 20 East River, steamer CATALINE. For further information inquire at No. 105 Beekman Street.

131-141 G. W. CORLIES, Agent.

### PARIS BONNETS

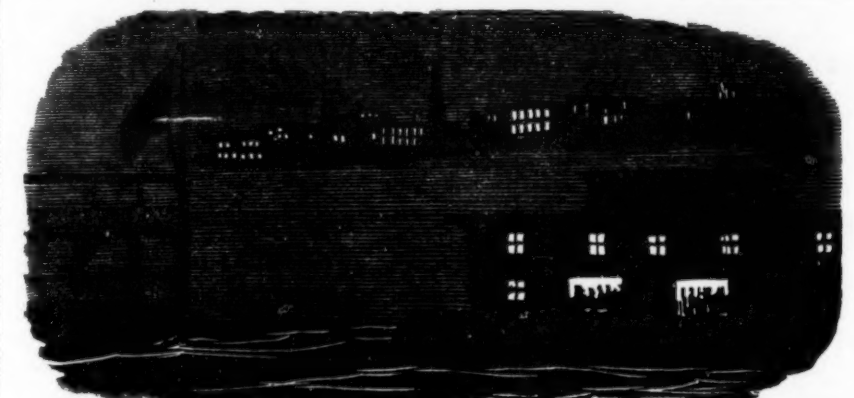
Received per Steamer of the 15th.

Children's Bonnets, Rich and Elegant.

At Irresistible Prices.

Paris Head-dresses, Flowers, Feathers and Coiffures.

GENIN'S BAZAAR, No. 513 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel.



MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, AS SEEN BY OUR CORRESPONDENT.

### FREDRICKS' TEMPLE OF ART—HALLOTYPES,

PHOTOGRAPHS, DAGUERREOTYPES, AMBROTYPES, 555 & 567 BROADWAY, OPPOSITE METROPOLITAN HOTEL.

**BEAUTY.**—The perfection of beauty, even in the most beautiful woman, is gained at her toilet. There the use of BURNETT'S KALLISTON is indispensable. It eradicates all unightly objects, such as tan, freckles and pimples, and gives the complexion a clear and blooming appearance. For sale by all the principal druggists and perfumers.



OUR CORRESPONDENT ARRIVES AT LAST AT THE LIVELY CITY OF CAIRO, WHERE HE LEAVES THE BOAT.

### FAMILY SEWING MACHINE DEPOT. FIFTEEN AND FIFTY DOLLARS SEWING MACHINES.

The Fifteen Dollar Sewing Machine is the best cheap machine ever offered to the Public. Fifteen minutes only required to learn to operate upon it. The Fifty Dollar Machine is warranted to excel all other family sewing machines. We challenge the world to produce its equal! C. W. THOMAS & CO., 480 Broadway, N. Y. Agents wanted 134-146

### THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THIS PAPER, also the Type and Cuts in LESLIE'S MAGAZINE AND GAZETTE OF FASHION, are electrotyped by A. H. JOCELYN, at THE NEW YORK WOOD ENGRAVING AND ELECTROTYPE ESTABLISHMENT, No. 60 FULTON STREET.

Special attention is given to Newspaper and Magazine Engraving; also, the best Mechanical Talent employed in Drawing and Engraving all kinds of Cuts and Views, viz Buildings, Machines, Stores, Lettering, &c., &c.

A poor higgler, living near Harwick, had an ass for his only companion and partner in the business. The higgler, being palsied, was accustomed to assist himself often upon the road by holding to the ass's tail. Once, on their travels, during a severe winter, man and ass were plunged into a snow-drift, near Rule Water. After a hard struggle, the ass got out; but, knowing that his helpless master was still buried, he made his way to him and placed himself so that his tail lay ready to his partner's hand. The higgler grasped it, and was dragged out. It ought not to be thought disrespectful in a man to call his friend "an ass."



AND TAKES LODGINGS AT THE NEAREST HOTEL.